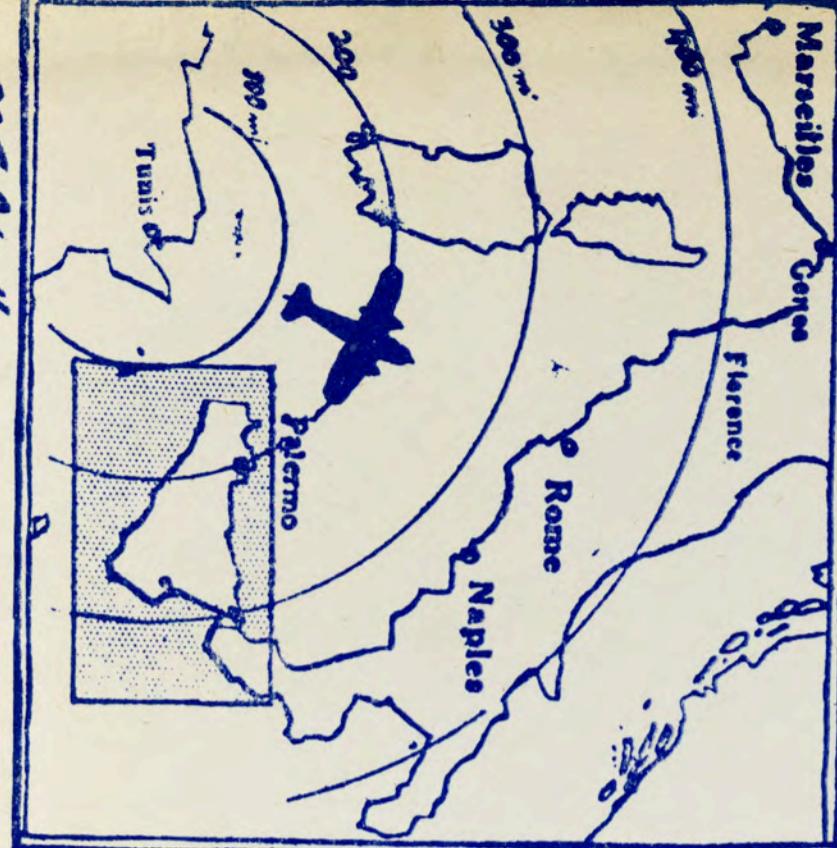


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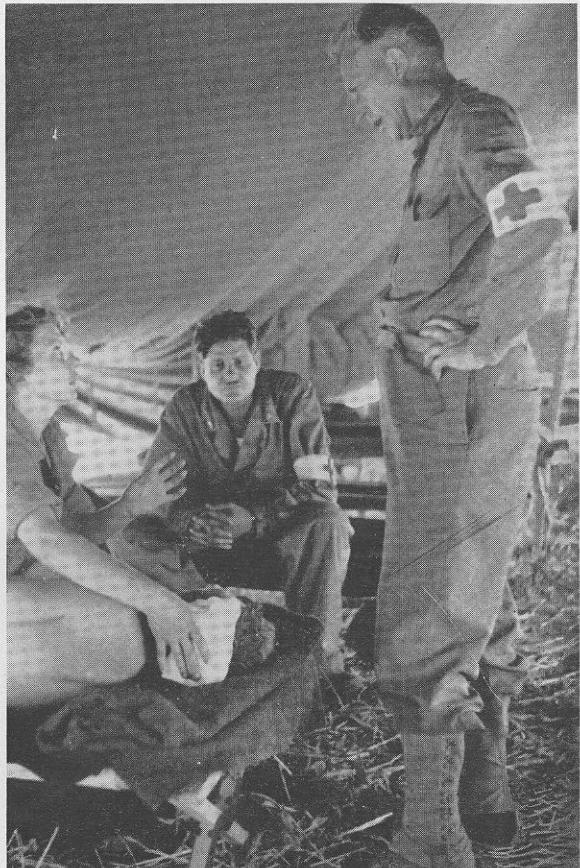
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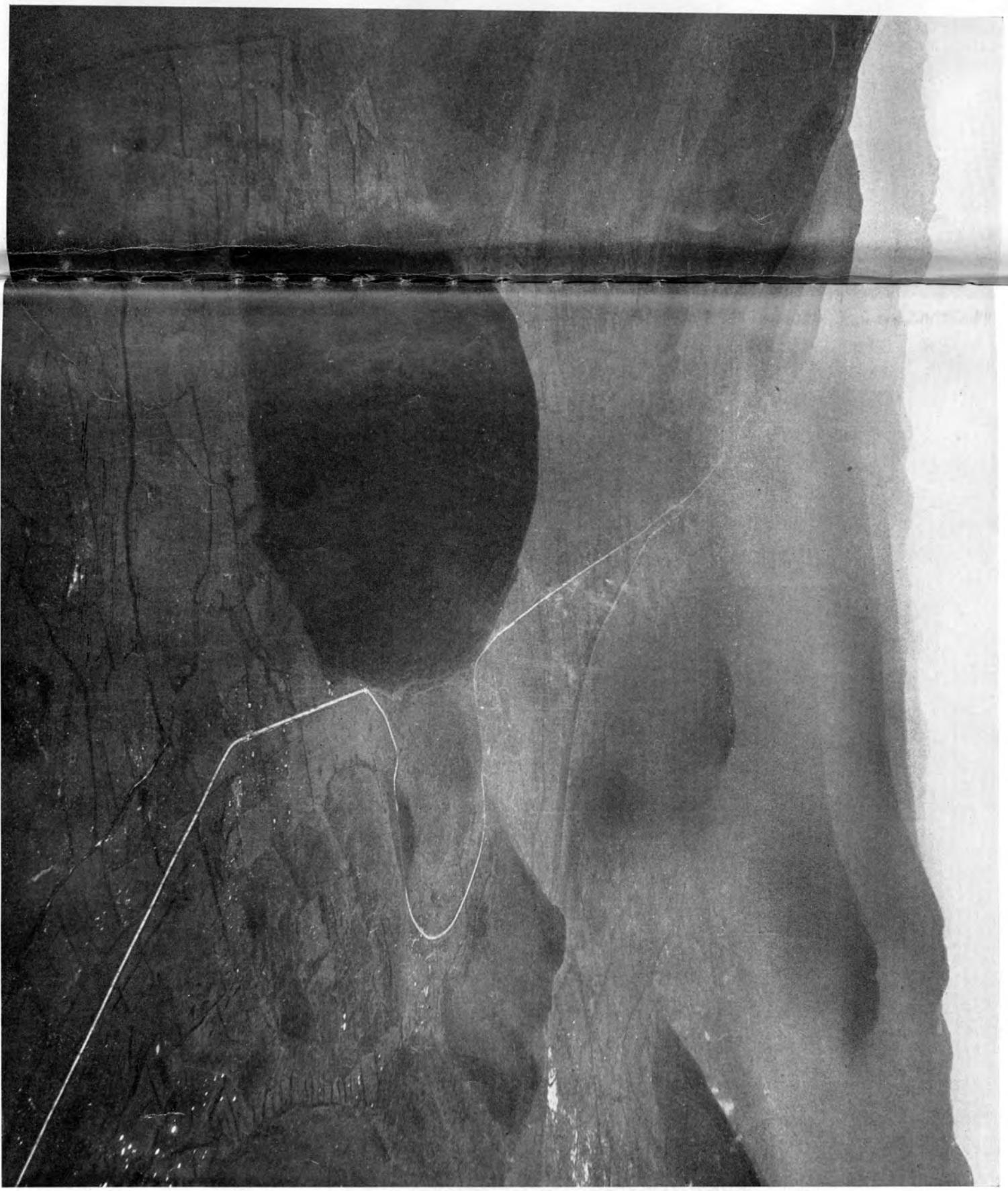
# OPERATION SUCCESFUL



**The story of the 11th Field Hospital in the United States, Algeria, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy, France, Alsace, Germany, Austria**

**Edited by**

**Clifford W. Nyberg**



No. \_\_\_\_\_



Commanding Officer  
11 Field Hospital  
U.S. Army

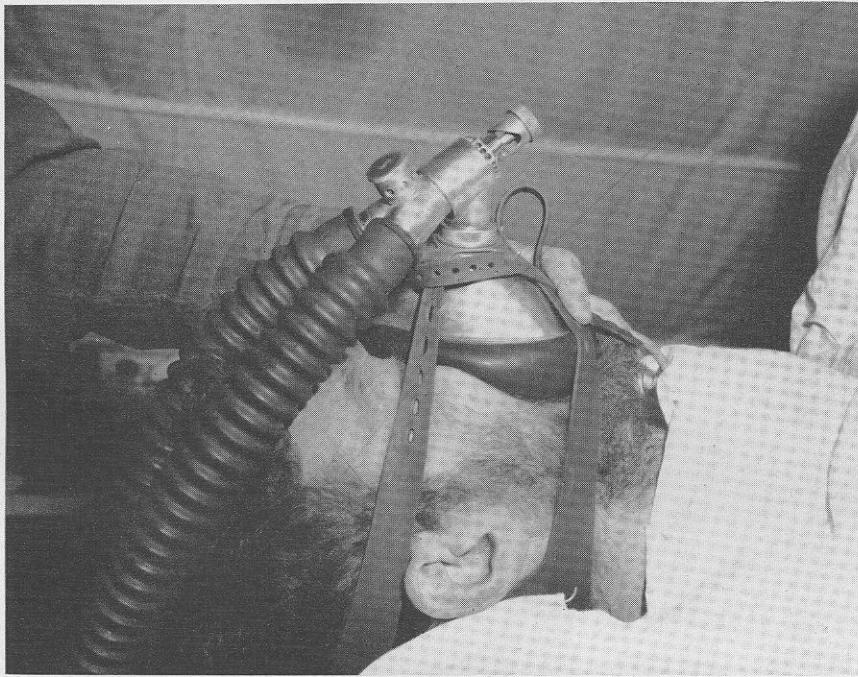
R. Donald F AM  
SENDER'S NAME  
CO 9126th Inf  
SENDER'S ADDRESS  
APO #1 Postmaster  
New York City NY  
DATE  
Aug 14 1943.

Sir:

I wish to tell you how thankful  
I am, and from the Chamber of my  
Heart I wish to say, that you and  
your staff means everything to a soldier.  
To have a good Army, there must  
be a good Medical, and that is what  
your staff maybe call, we should  
know, cause all the boys speaks and  
feels of course that goes for me most of  
all  
PS please this is between  
you and me okay O.K?

R. Donald F AM

V---MAIL



**We dedicate this book to our  
patients whose unfailing cour-  
age was our inspiration . . . .**



**Shock**

**Operating Room**



**Ward**



Special thanks to JOHN R. BASTIAN who proof-read the material, to ROBERT L. CHAPMAN for submitting the best title, to Snapshot Finishers, Minneapolis, and Eastman Finishers, St. Paul, for photographic assistance, to the Office of War Information, to the below listed persons and services for pictures and other materials, and to all those who gave us permission to use material, but which we could not use for the lack of space.

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Climbing Table Top Mountain in Oregon

# The Tour of the 11th

## Camp White, Oregon

What is a field hospital? We all asked that question when we discovered we were to be part of one, but during our entire stay in the States we were never given a suitable answer, not even from the War Department. Not knowing what we were to do overseas, we simply took what we might call advanced basic training in Camp White and Camp Carson, or that type of our training which consisted mostly of, "Don't you know your left foot from your right, soldier?"

Camp White, a newly constructed camp on the Agate desert in Oregon, was the point of our beginning, being activated there on 15 August 1942. It will never take much effort to recall events at that camp.

Our arrival in various conditions of spirits or under the influence thereof was dismal enough, and we never quite recovered under the stress and strain of picking up rocks and nails. The rocks presented quite a problem. We picked them up and piled them neatly in one spot, only to move the pile to another spot later on. Eventually, we got the rocks out of the area, and then proceeded to haul them back to dam the floods when the rains came.

Naturally, we landscaped our area. We made walks, planted trees and designed quite a decoration for the roadside. We became quite adept at landscaping, so the camp surgeon invited us to decorate his area. We did.

Our overseer during many of these operations was General Gerhardt, who popped up on his white horse at the most inopportune times, usually when we were resting in the shade of the barracks. After all, we needed rest. Those rocks were heavy and the sun was hot. We ate enough salt to make us pillars of salt without looking back as Lot's wife did.

Mealtime was a very interesting affair during the time we ate at the 17th Hospital Center. During this fatal period, NCOs were fascinated by the manoeuvre called "To the rear, march." To walk the four blocks to the mess hall, we would actually walk eight, and be late for chow every time.

We had other drill hours, too, and performed such fanciful steps as the Marine Drill. To an outsider who did not under-

stand, we must have looked as if we were doing the Virginia Reel. Other times we tried to combine calisthenics with drill, for instance climbing over 6x6 cabs or up the walls of barracks.

Eventually we got down to having a schedule. One thing the schedule always called for was litter drill. In the heat of the sun or in a downpour of rain, the cry of "Raise litter. Lower litter." could be heard for miles around. On the schedule there was always road marches, mainly because it looked good in higher headquarters. So, we would march to the edge of the Rouge River and sit or fish the four hours out. Other times we were a little more ambitious and crawled up Table Top Mountain. On 29 October, we started for the House of Mystery and kept on marching until our mess trucks caught up with us at noon, fed us and carried us the rest of the way there and back. On the 21st and 22nd of the same month we went on a two-day bivouac in an old CCC camp. Cold, wasn't it?

Convoys were scheduled, too. About 20 September, we went to Crater Lake. "It isn't going to be cold," said the ones who should know, so we went without heavy clothing. Half way there, we were frozen, but it was worth it once the sun came out and we warmed enough to appreciate the beauty of the lake. There was also many a black-out convoy for the benefit of the drivers, as on the 8th and 9th of October.

We heard lectures by the score, a rehash of what we had heard before. They were good only for sleeping.

With none of our equipment coming in, we tried to be serious about laying out a model field hospital. We laid rocks in the area between the post theater and exchange to give us an idea of a hospital set-up. When the equipment began to arrive about 10 September, we started to get acquainted with it. Shortly after the arrival of the equipment, we were alerted for movement to CBI. No passes or furloughs were given out at the time. Finally, three-hour passes were given out on the condition that all men call in hourly to find out if further orders had been received. We didn't mind the restriction. We seldom left the camp anyway because Medford offered little recreation and the bus service was bad. Besides, the theater and the post ex-

change were right across the street from the area. Then, of course, there was the football team called the Little Butte Bears, volleyball and baseball.

The equipment checked, we started to pack and crate it, a twenty-four hour job that lasted for days. Suddenly the alert for CBI was cancelled because we were short of both men and equipment, but orders did come through for movement to Camp Carson, Colorado. The movement was announced to the men one evening at 2030 when a bed check was taken. Everyone had known it for days.

The train ride to Carson had its amusing side especially for the civilians at our exercising points along the way. We still remember an NCO bringing out the Guidon and starting to unfurl it much to the dismay of the commanding officer on this super-secret journey.

### **Camp Carson, Colorado**

Our initial training behind us, we pulled into Carson with our fourteen freight cars of equipment but minus our red, white and blue air corps rocks.

Camp Carson was a great change from Camp White. The dull brown of the buildings at White gave away to the cream colored buildings of Carson, the rains stopped for the sun, the no-wash window edict of White gave away to the weekly washing details of Carson, and the dull monotonous life gave way to something new and interesting, especially the night life.

Training was begun as soon as we became acclimated to the high altitude, but training is almost forgotten now as we remember our off-the-record activities. Colorado Springs was a friendly town set in a beautiful location. All we have to do now is mention names of places and a flood of memories come back: Village Inn, Wagon Wheel, Antler's Hotel, Broadmoor Hotel, Garden of the Gods, Will Rogers Shrine, Walk's Barbeque, the Zoo, Cave of the Winds, Brooklyn Spaghetti House, Blue Spruce, Chief Theater and the Eldorado. It will be a long time before we forget the shrimp, skating, hotel parties, horseback riding, hikes, scenery and general good times. Remembered too is our Christmas dinner, White Christmas, Service Club dances and the convoys to Cripple Creek and Royal Gorge.

But we worked, too. Most of us took training in the station hospital. We had our litter drills, calesthenics, lectures, night marches in the snow, day marches in the mud, unit bivouacs and unit set-ups. We set up tents for the first time and they proved to be quite a problem. We practiced loading and unloading trucks and convoying.

Once a week we had inspection, white gloves and all. For the best barracks, a wooden plaque was awarded. A Platoon won it most often followed by B and C, C Platoon having secretly voted to go to town Friday nights instead of sweating over the mop and brass. All platoons shared the inconvenience of being quarantined for measles.

Equipment continued to come in and had to be checked and finally crated and numbered 1254H, another 24 hour job.

With the arrival of the nurses and the last of the officers and men, we knew that we would soon be going overseas. Records were gone over, equipment was checked for the last time and the organization was inspected by the Camp Inspector and Inspector General from Washington D. C., on the 29th and 31st of March and the 1st of April 1943. We were graded excellent.

On 19 March, and with our clothing properly marked, the 11th with a strength of 16 officers, 17 nurses and 196 enlisted men boarded a train for an unknown destination on the east coast.

There was and is much to remember about Carson, not the least being the Chanoon wind that caused so much excitement. Each one of the men had his own experiences but all remember the fire, the flying sand, breaking windows, falling chimneys, wearing gas masks and helmets, especially the NCO wearing only long johns, gas mask, pistol belt and helmet screaming for everyone to remain calm, the cat, beribboned and belled, nonchalant about the whole thing as we all crowded into the day room.

### **Camp Kilmer, New Jersey**

Camp Kilmer, after eating our first meal there with our fingers, was a rush of shots, final clothing checks, drawing new equipment, finishing the job of marking our clothing and practicing embarking. The highlight of the Kilmer encampment was the

physical for overseas duty. Open your mouth, bend over, cough and you were on your way to the gangplank. Another highlight was the air raid when a certain non-com put on a good show. With general preparedness over, we visited New York City and New Brunswick's Elks' Club.

On the evening of 29 April we were alerted and at 2330 we left the barracks with our B Bags, our A Bags having gone ahead. We marched to the train weighed down with equipment and B Bag. We loaded on the overcrowded, blacked-out train and moved out toward Staten Island. There we boarded the ferry, still lugging the B Bags which got heavier with every step. A few of us got seasick on the ferry. As we got off the ferry, we gave up all attempts to carry our bags and dragged them behind us. The Red Cross gave us coffee, doughnuts and candy. If we had known what was ahead of us we would have stuffed our pockets with the doughnuts and candy. At the gangplank someone yelled out our last name and we shouted back with our first name and middle initial. Previously, we had been instructed to run up the gangplank but we were lucky to be able to drag ourselves up it. We were on our way, little realizing how far and long the journey ahead was to be.

### **S. S. Evangeline**

The ship slipped out one morning in the fog. We didn't see the Statue of Liberty as we had wanted to do. We joined the rest of the convoy by moving into coffin corner, our ship supposedly one of the swiftest and best armed ships in the convoy. From the beginning, we heard the loudspeaker, "This is the Master," giving out with instructions. The Master controlled quite a ship. We were crowded and the food was bad enough without having the bewhiskered gent at the head of the chow line ordering us around. Pastimes were few: Comparing the officers' and enlisted men's menus, reading, playing cards, singing "Little Church in the Wildwood," and being seasick. The atabrine, the smell of the mess hall and the rough seas made the cruise enjoyable with our helmets serving their first wartime use as a bucket if we knew we couldn't make the latrine in time. The boat and fire drills helped pass the time. Rumors of subs were prevalent all the way

across and a few depth charges were actually dropped. Some of us still remember the fire extinguisher that fell off its hook during rough seas and sounded as if the ship had been hit by a torpedo and water was pouring in. It didn't take us long to grab our equipment and head for the deck.

It was a great day when we saw sea gulls. We knew we were near land, and so we were. We passed the Rock of Gibraltar in the dusk of evening and the next day sailed into the harbor of Oran.

### **Africa**

Africa seen from the tourists' eyes was far different from what we had expected. What we expected was blowing sands, Sphinx, camels, and heat; what we found was modern buildings, green, irrigated fields and heat. We were green when we landed that May day. We thought all those V for Victory signs and cheers were a sign of welcome. We threw cigarettes by the packful to the screaming Arabs. Later we were to discover that it was only a welcome so far as getting more cigarettes and bonbons out of the extravagant Americans.

The ride through Oran was admittedly interesting and spine chilling, but the spines warmed up in a hurry as we walked around in the dark MBS staging area trying to locate our spot. No one seemed to know where we were to light but eventually we did settle down on a rock heap called Arab Hill or Goat Hill or Agony Hill or other less printable names. We ate our first can of C Ration. "Pretty good," we thought. Shortly after we rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to sleep. Even the rocks felt soft, we were so tired. We were almost asleep when someone cried, "The officers have no blankets. Would you guys lend them some of yours," That cry went from one end of the area to the other before the officers were bedded down. We all slept well the first night (it says here).

The next day guard and KP rosters came out and supply details began to go to the docks in Oran and Mers El Kebir to pick up our supplies. When all the supplies were in we were allowed passes into Oran where we learned that suntans had a peculiar effect on the minds and fists of the 1st Division boys just back from Tunisia. We learned the antics of the shoeshine boys, the waiters

at the Hotel Continental, the winking eyes of the veiled, untouchable (says our guide book) beautiful women, Arabs sleeping in gutters or wherever and whenever the inclination came upon them. And it didn't seem conceivable that a city so beautiful from the distance could smell so bad, but it did.

Three unforgettable incidents on Arab Hill were the lectures we received concerning the eating of vegetables from Arab gardens reportedly strangely fertilized, the air raid on Oran when we first sighted war and were a little flustered by it—no ranks excluded, and the action that ensued every time we used the Quartermaster latrines.

Arab Hill generally won't be forgotten because of the dust and wind, intense heat of day and cold of night, guard in twos so if one guard was knifed by the Arabs the other could cry for help, the rocks and the bugs.

To ward off the heat we did go swimming almost daily at Kristel via St. Cloud or took a shower a mile away to walk back and be just as hot and dirty as if we hadn't gone at all.

Port aux Poules had its disadvantages. As we remember, it had only one advantage: Swimming whenever we wanted was a distinct pleasure after the six o'clock swimming order was rescinded because no officer could be found who would take the chilly dip with us. The disadvantages were numerous: Millions of mosquitos, heat and dust, dysentery and malaria which no one could recognize, let alone counter attack thereby laying low half the company.

Port aux Poules was more or less our big staging area for Sicily. There we uncrated all our equipment and checked it. The big sterilizers never did work. Surgical linen was wrapped and repacked in large containers. The equipment was divided among the units. While all that was going on, rumors flew night and day aggravated by the orders to learn how to swim, the exhibition of warfare and assault landings, the lecture on what we were to expect.

Leaving Unit III and the nurses behind, the organization sailed for Algiers to bivouac nearby spending most of the time combat loading the vehicles. It was a lengthy process whereby trucks were unloaded and loaded several times to fit the various ship openings. With the trucks loaded on

the boats, about 23 and 24 June, there wasn't much to do but walk around the countryside, go swimming, visit the local bars, or go on pass to Algiers. Unit III spent their time at Port aux Poules doing the same thing.

Again the organization, less Unit III and nurses, moved by ship to Tunisia. Debarking, we walked quite some distance through the town and beyond before meeting the British trucks that took us to the staging area. Those in Headquarters and Units I and II will never forget that area. Morale was at its lowest and there was not a single pleasure attached to the camp. Food was bad when there was any at all, water wasn't fit for dogs, although all the dogs in the neighborhood seemed to think so, cigarettes were nonexistent and we stooped to picking up butts. We had to dig unnecessary slit trenches and march in the driving heat because we were bad boys. We had to pull guard in such numbers that we could hold hands around the entire area, and then there was the nonsense that technicians and noncoms had to live apart. The night sounds of air raids and wailing of the drunken Arabs to the tune of their eerie-sounding, three-stringed instruments did little to alleviate the situation. Meanwhile, Unit III which had also sailed to Tunisia was getting passes in a nearby area.

Walking back to the harbor, we boarded our ship a disconsolate lot with visions of being dead within the next few days. Little did we know how close to it we were to come on the beaches of Sicily. We washed off the dirt of Tunisia by swimming off the ramp of the LST. The doors finally closed, and we sailed for Sicily. Unit III joined the convoy from another port.

### **Sicily**

Except for the few men and officers who landed on the beach near Licata on the morning of D Day, Unit III remained aboard ship to sweat out the diving Jerry planes. The rest of the organization disembarked on D Day to come under fire for the first time. It was an unforgettable two days lying there on the beach watching the infantry run ashore ready to kill Germans but finding only American medics, looking for bridge and poker players on D Day, having a Jerry plane sweep out of the morning sun

on D plus 1 to strafe and bomb as we hid behind TNT boxes and wrecked Higgins Boats, standing on land mines with no ill effects. One of the most humorous incidents happened on the evening of D Day. We were lying on the sand watching the LST disgorged its cargo when an officer ran up to our group, "What outfit are you guys?" "The 11th Field." "Thank God, at last I've found you. We really need you. Where are your guns?" "Guns! We're the 11th Field Hospital." The officer groaned, "My God, they're just unloading the infantry." He dashed off into the darkness as we rolled into our holes for the night.

The movement inland on D plus 1 was the first time we saw war dead: the fifteen Italians scattered around a poor excuse for a pillbox and the American with the waves breaking over his feet half covering them with sand. Near the dead American lay an apple on the water's edge leisurely moving as the waves slapped its sides. We passed the twisted burning LST and wondered how many had died. Death for the first time seemed close to us and the feeling never left us during our entire overseas service.

The movement inland was under continuous fire because the Jerries were making an all-out effort to knock out the invasion fleet that morning. With the rat-tat-tat and zooming of Jerry planes together with the shrapnel from American ack-ack slicing the air we had our first experience of concentrated fire. Those of us in the advance party clawed the ground in a vineyard praying we'd come through. Our advance party got through safely to the new area with a piece of shrapnel ripping the truck fender the only casualty. But across the road a few scant yards away, two Americans lay newly dead, one with shrapnel going through his helmet into his head.

Our follow-up party clawed the dirt on the beach or dived into the nearby shell holes to come through safely.

Safely in our area, we dug our holes immediately and didn't venture far from them. In the afternoon the Jerries came again barely skimming the ground. One passed directly over our area with guns blazing and the pilot casually watching us scatter. The plane flew directly over the ack-ack gunner behind us. The gunner hit the plane in the belly and a few seconds later it fell

flaming into the sea. Soon after, the sun was completely blacked out when one of the ships of the invasion fleet was hit by a dive bomber. Burnt pieces of paper from the ships records landed around us as a grim reminder of the fate of the personnel aboard.

Events followed swiftly after that. We remember the soldiers beating the brush for Germans, the warning that German tanks had broken through and were heading for the beach, the drone and the lights of the transports flying overhead as our own ack-ack opened up on them. We were in and out of our holes every few minutes; they were a fine refuge in time of danger, but when it was all over we quickly got out of them, the sand and ants being too much for us.

Our trucks came off the ships. Part of one truck was burned by a German bomb. One vehicle tipped over in the water as it rolled out of the LST but very little equipment was lost or damaged.

Meanwhile, Unit III had disembarked at Licata and the rest of the organization set up a hospital in Gela. We had begun our work. The beginning was a hospital designed to receive all types of patients and continued to be until we got to Nicosia where we reorganized into a three unit surgical hospital to function with division clearing stations in division area. We functioned as such for the remainder of the campaign and gained valuable experience.

After the campaign we moved to Trapani to set up a station hospital. There, with only Unit I functioning, we had time for passes and sight-seeing tours to Erice, Trapani, Monreale and Palermo. The area itself was pleasant after Cesaro which is easily remembered for dust, malaria, dysentery, and the first place overseas that we ate fresh bread.

In the Trapani area we had melons and grapes to eat for the picking. There the Sicilians lay in the vineyard until the bugle blew and then would descend into our tents to sell us bed covers for fifty dollars or pick up our dirty clothes. "Vashi Lavori" was their battle cry. It was in this area that we first discovered how the Sicilians processed their wine, the first step being to crush the juice out of the grapes by stamping on them with their dirty feet. Too, in this area, we used many an ingenious plan to get out of



duty, the most popular being minor operations.

In Termini our final staging area in Sicily we had our dance, trips to Palermo for the opera and stage shows, Red Cross shows and the first Good Conduct medals.

Sicily we will remember for: Our first experiences under fire, frying eggs and potatoes in our mess kits, the time we started to go through the front lines at Pietraperzia but were stopped in time by an MP, the time Patton yelled to us, "Get the damn Medics out of the road and let the killers through," and as he pulled ahead, our convoy pulled up behind him to ride triumphantly into Palermo while all other vehicles stood by the side of the road. Little did Patton know the damn Medics were right behind him.

At Messina we saw the last of Sicily. It was a tragic scene of hunger and desolation. In our barbed wire enclosure we couldn't eat our supper because of those lean hungry faces peering at us in the semi-darkness. We turned our backs to them but it was to no avail—we dumped our supper into their pails.

The moon came out and we went for a walk outside the barbed wire on our last night in Sicily.

### Italy

Our introduction to Italy was pleasant with our trip up the boot in ducks, but Italy was eventually to become one of the most uncomfortable phases of our overseas duty.

We soon discovered that Sunny Italy was not a fact but a slogan dreamed up by some enterprising publicity man. Rain began to fall as we set up our tents in Qualiano—and it was cold. In the Orange Grove of Capua the rains continued and it became colder. Sleeping on the ground yet keeping warm and dry was a battle of wits against the elements. Just about the time we conquered it we were given cots and ward tents. The cots were as cold as the ground until we started to use the Stars and Stripes as mattresses.

Then we went to work again in the division areas to support combat troops in the battle for Cassino. It was almost a nightly occurrence to get in your tent and try to sleep as shells whined over and back, some bursting close enough to throw dirt and shrapnel through the tents. One shell destroyed Unit III's kitchen and wounded sev-

eral of the personnel. Fate or something had that shell land about an hour before evening chow or else most of the personnel would have been killed or wounded. Another shell landed in one of the officers' tents of Unit II.

There were not only shells but land mines. Unit I moved into an area which supposedly had been cleared of mines by the engineers but as one of the trucks drove into the area, it drove over a mine and was destroyed. Fate again stepped in. The truck's passenger just got out before the incident and the driver had the door open so he was thrown clear and escaped death. The engineers came back and found mines all over the place.

The weather connived with Germans to make our work all the more difficult. On New Year's Day 1944, the winds blew down almost every tent in every unit. There was a great loss in tentage and equipment. Patients had to be sheltered in the few tents standing and in ambulances.

In the valley near Benevento (good wind) on 12 March the wind and the rain struck again and continued until the 13th flattening our station hospital. On the 25th of March the wind took over collapsing most of the hospital again. Church services were being held that morning. The sudden gust of wind snapped the poles of the mess hall and several persons attending church were injured. Both times, patients had to be evacuated to the rear and it was from this source that the rumors began to circulate about us. The rear echelon hospitals had us killed once again as they so often did when something happened to us.

Shortly we moved to Nocelletto area to break down the equipment and prepare for the spring push. In between times we killed mosquitos, cut grass, had a dance, went to shows, went swimming and went on pass to Naples. For a short time we were alerted to move to Anzio but it was cancelled to the disappointment of nobody.

On May 11, 1944, at 1815 we were assembled and told that the push would start that night at 2300. It did, and we moved rapidly following the signs "Follow the Blue to Speedy II" past the Pontine Marshes, Anzio Beach, Rome, Civitavecchia and Grosseto. Unit II was farthest north before we were called back to Tarquinia to crate our equipment for movement by ship to Naples and

**ITALY**

eventually the south shores of France. The ship moved from Civitavecchia with most of the personnel and equipment while the trucks with the remainder of the equipment went overland.

In the Sparcane staging area, equipment was checked and prepared for the invasion before moving to a secondary staging area outside of Naples. In Qualiano three day passes were given out and daily passes to Naples were always available. Headquarters, Units I and III moved to a third staging area before embarking on their invasion ship.

So we left Italy. We were moving from the MTO to the ETO. Our greatest attachment will always be for the MTO. The war was rougher there as far as we were concerned but there were showers where we could get cleaned up and get new clothes, rest centers and there was a general feeling among the troops of the MTO that was

never matched in the ETO. The MTO was a small family while the ETO was too big a family for any sentimental attachments.

#### France and Alsace

The invasion of Southern France was far different from that of Sicily. It was easy. The only incident that is really remembered is the radio control bomb that was dropped on the LST on one of the 36th Division beaches. The movement through Southern France up to Alsace was swift but not without its troubles. The equipment was unloaded and it was discovered that most of the cots had been stolen aboard ship.

The entire front moving so fast caused a great shortage of gasoline, food and medical supplies. Unit I was almost given up for lost when it was left at Crest while the front had advanced almost 200 miles. The unit finally got the trucks to bring them up to the lines. Gasoline was siphoned out of

several trucks to keep one going. Food was again the ever-available C and K ration. After the first 10 days, the hospitals felt the pinch in several vital items and had to beg, borrow or steal from rear echelon hospitals. Evacuation of patients was difficult because oftentimes the evacuation hospitals were a hundred miles behind the lines making a trip to the rear with four patients a day's job.

In the rush up Southern France, the units had little trouble with enemy action. Only in Crest was the hospital in any danger, first by shelling and then by trapped Germans who tried to escape through Crest. Little did the Germans know that if they had tried as they planned they would have succeeded in their effort to break through. Between the hospital and the Germans were a few tanks, machine guns and pounds of dynamite all of which were placed in the defense of the two bridges. If the Germans had come in any numbers, they could have broken through and our area would have become a battlefield.

We were ordered to pack whatever we wished to take along with us if the order came through to retreat. Some of us went into the hills while the rest elected to remain in the area. Unit I, the only unit functioning, was being overworked by a capacity number of casualties. Those on duty remained at their work while the others were ordered to the hills. Late that night, the infantry came up. We were somewhat relieved but it was still an uneasy time.

In late September with the cold fall rains, the campaign began to slow down. Unit I was washed out by the continuous rains and was forced to move to higher ground. Unit II moved into Epinal. Unit III moved into Eloyes and was shelled there causing damage to tentage and equipment. It was the beginning of the winter stalemate. Units II and III admitted enormous numbers of patients in their respective areas especially while the Lost Battalion of the 36th Division was being rescued. Unit III, during the month October, 1944, accepted more patients than any other unit at any time during the activity of the 11th overseas. It was also during this period that the units had the greatest shortage of supplies, the most vital being oxygen.

With winter, more difficulties were encountered. Rain made the areas and roads

so soft that oftentimes roads had to be made before the trucks could get into the area and then the equipment had to be carried some distance before setting up. Eventually the units moved into buildings from resort hotels with all the modern facilities as at Le Hohwald to filthy factories as at Bandal Laveline.

Winter was the period for German counterattacks. Unit III with attached Unit II personnel was surrounded by the enemy at Ribeauville which was pounded by 420 rounds of artillery in one night. The unit was safely withdrawn. Unit II moved into the same building a few days later only to be ordered back for the same reason.

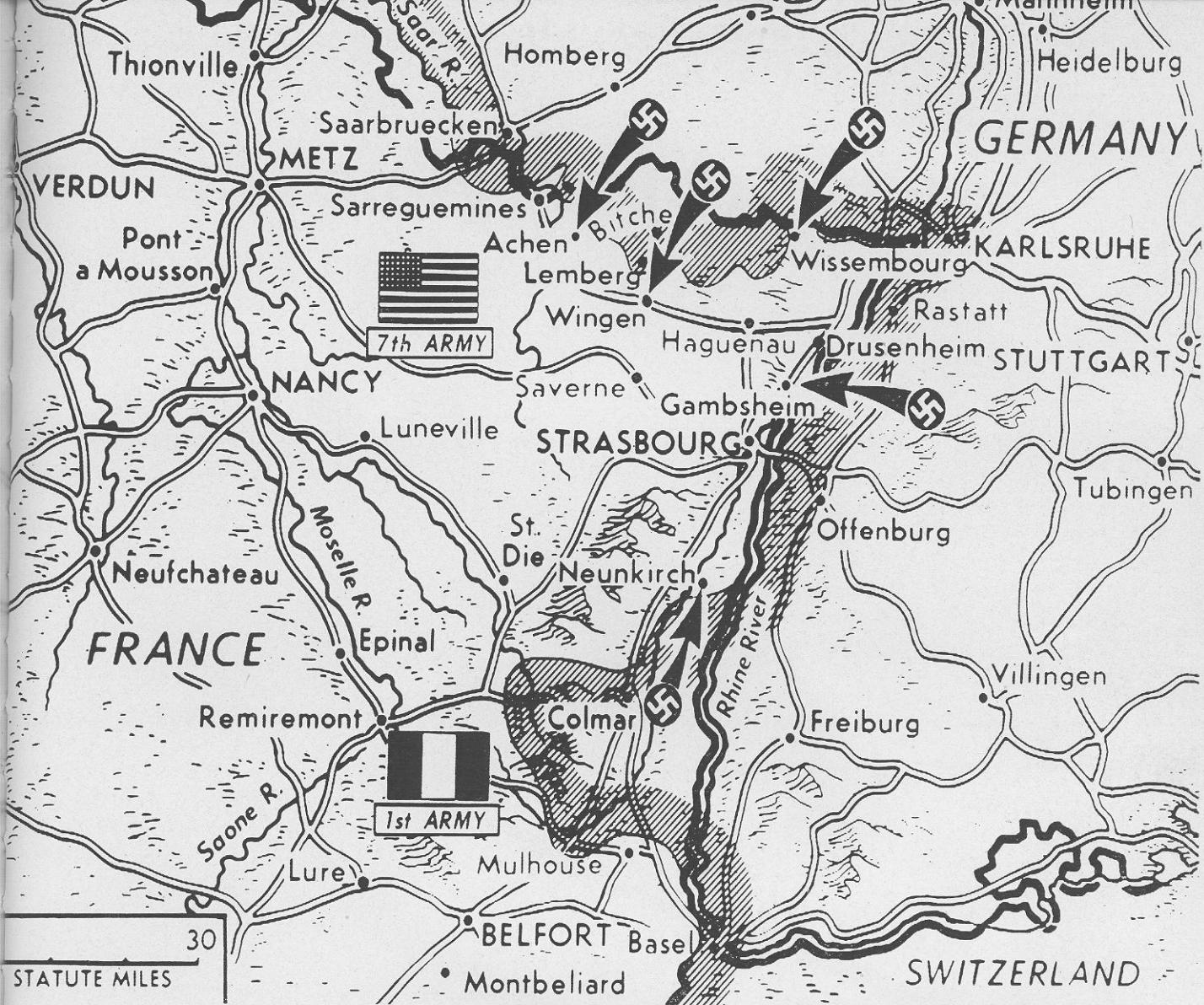
Unit III moved into Strasbourg to support the French and was withdrawn when the Germans made a counterattack and gained a beachhead across the Rhine just north of the city. Unit II which had moved to Bouxwiller in the meantime was withdrawn because of enemy counterattacks. Headquarters, set up in Saverne, was shelled by a 380 MM railroad gun firing from across the Rhine. The situation stabilized late in January 1945 and remained so until 15 March when again the Allies put on a spring drive—this time into the heart of Germany.

### **Germany and Austria**

The campaign into and through Germany to the redoubt area moved with the surprising swiftness of another Southern France. Units never stayed long in any one area before orders to move were received. It continued so until the end of the war. Unit III went the farthest south, their final set-up being in Austria.

After hostilities had ceased all the units joined at the Ammer See in Bavaria, one of the few areas overseas we regretted leaving. Shortly we moved north to Eberbach, Germany, to set up a station hospital to care for patients in the Heidelberg area. It was at Eberbach that the 11th Field Hospital ceased to be the old 11th as high-point men started to go home and low-point men to other low-point organizations.

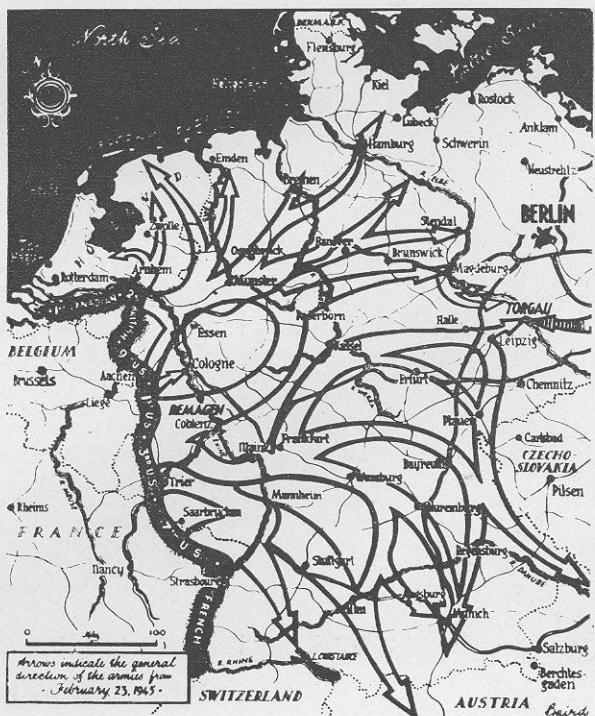
Yes, it was the end of the organization that had remained together for almost three years over many thousand miles and an equal number of experiences. The organization as a Category IV unit was going home at last. As much as we liked to go



home, we still hated to see the 11th break up. We had worked well together as a group and we had done our assigned duty under the most trying conditions.

We had many distinctions that other surgical hospitals could not claim. We were the first to act as a surgical, three unit hospital organization in divisional areas, and the new hospitals that followed, adapted many of the things we perfected. We were the only hospital in the European Theatre of Operations to be attached to a combat team for invasion, specifically being attached to the 16th combat team for the invasion of Sicily. We were the first hospital in Europe to use penicillin, the case being a patient who contacted gas gangrene after the amputation of a leg at Cesaro, Sicily.

(Continued page 80)



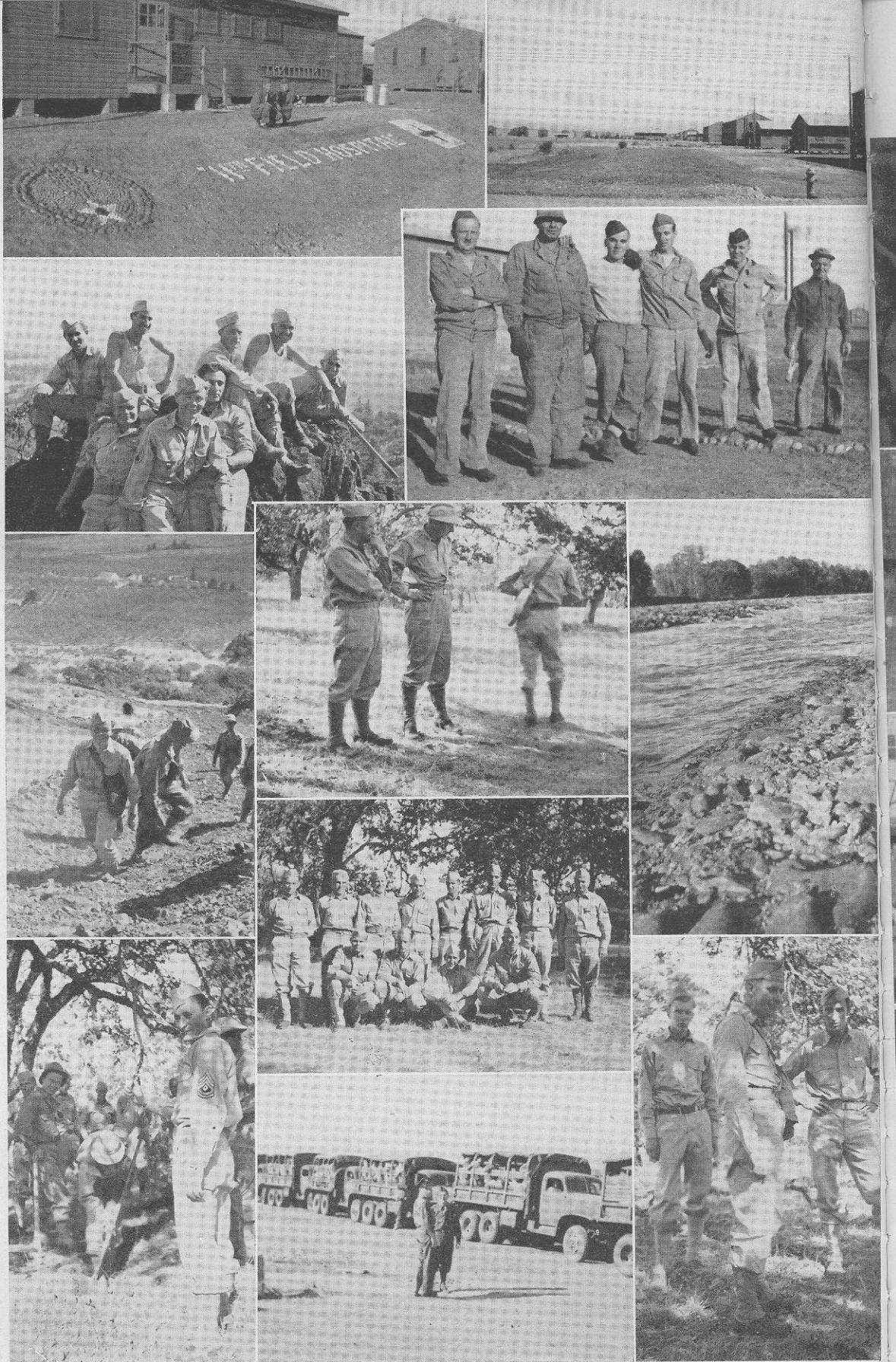


Unit I Starnberg, Germany

# The Story Told in Pictures

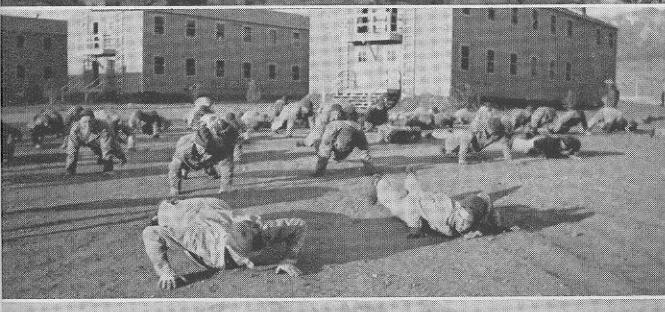
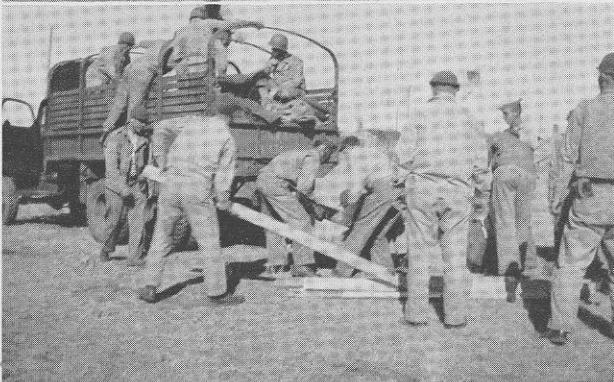


Shelling Million Dollar Hill in Italy

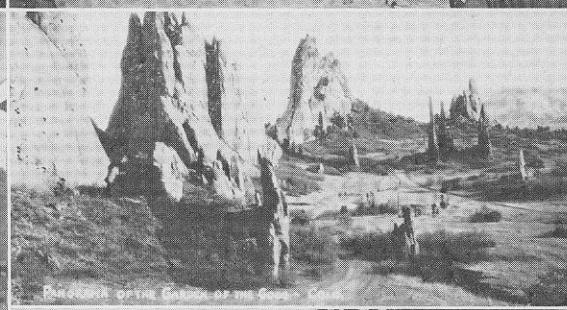
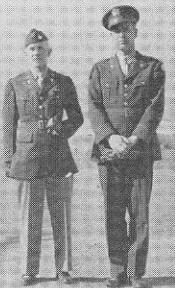
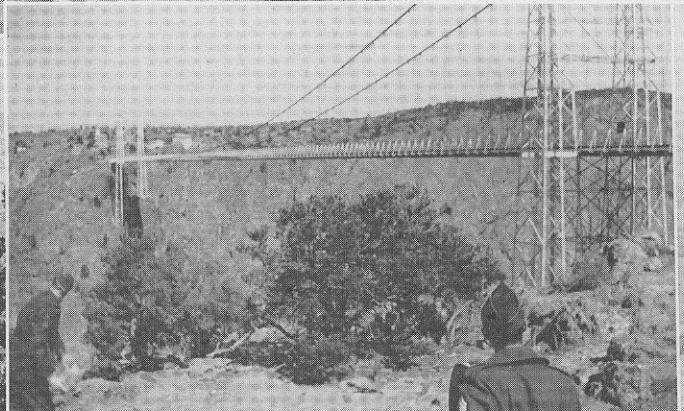
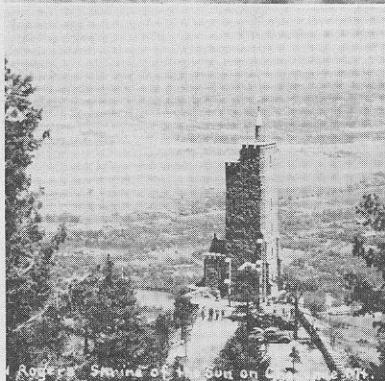
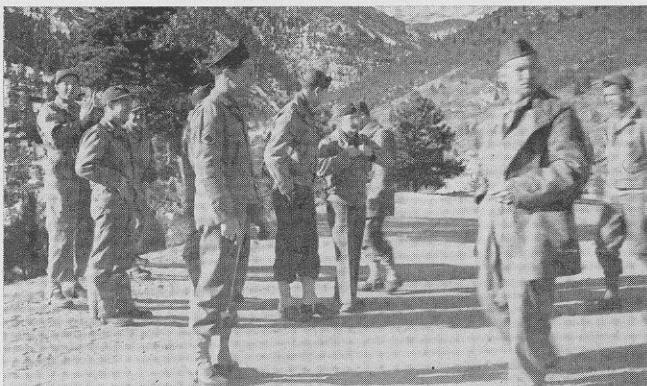


## Climbing Table Top. Sanitation Problems near Rouge River. Convoy to CCC camp.

**White**

**Convoy to Crater Lake. CCC camp bivouac. Cheyenne Mountain.**

## Cripple Creek convoy. Royal Gorge bridge.

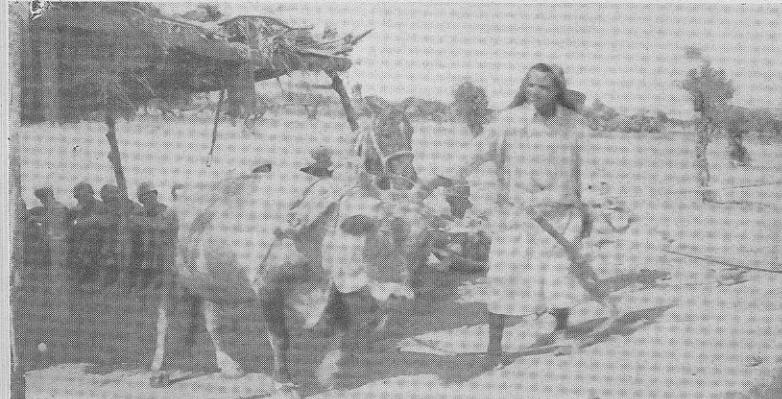


The Broadmoor Hotel - Colorado Springs, Colo



Highway 6 leading to Cassino

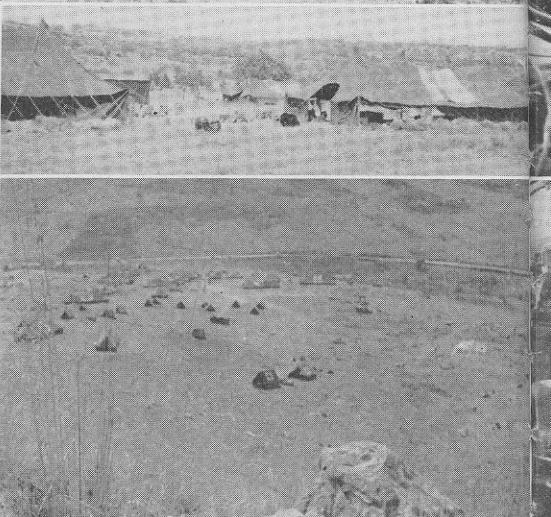
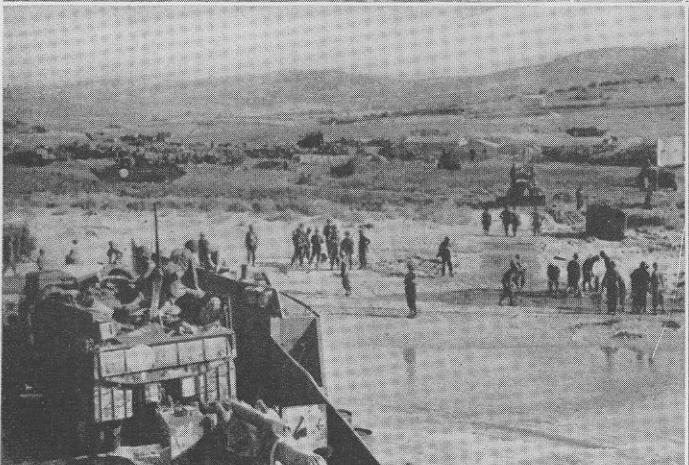
*Overseas*



Air raid over Oran. Arab Hill. Arab kids near Kristel beach and Staoueli. Algiers. Irrigation in Tunisia.



# Sicily



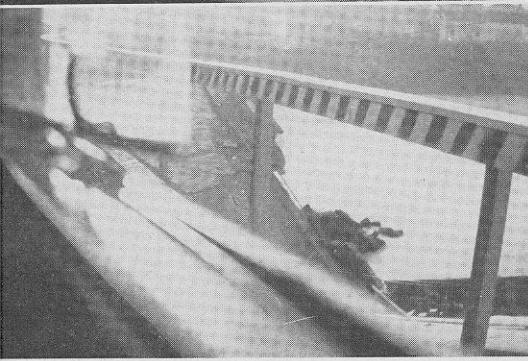
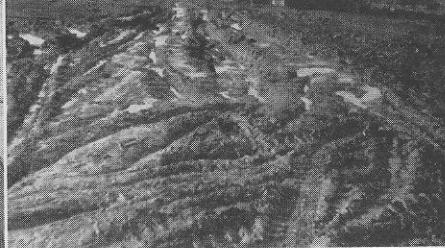
Gela. Pietraperzia. Nicosia

Vittoria. Nicosia. Trapani. Crossing Messina Straits.





**Loading up.**



Mud. Hi-way 6 rec tent. River Volturno. Red Cross show. Shower.

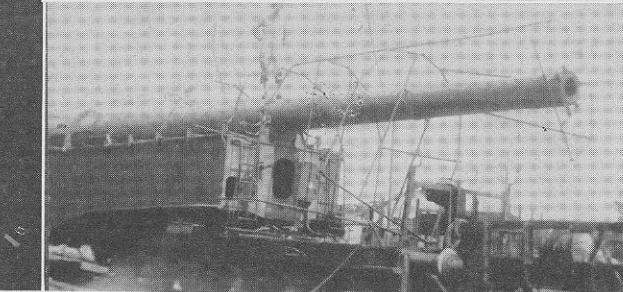
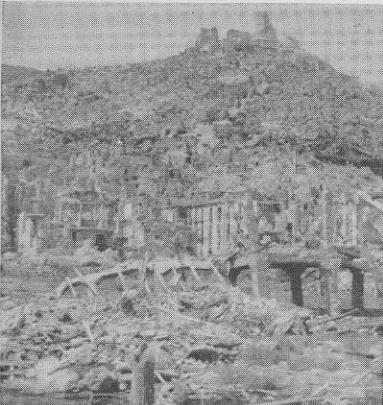
San Pietro. King's garden in Caserta. Million Dollar Hill by day and night.

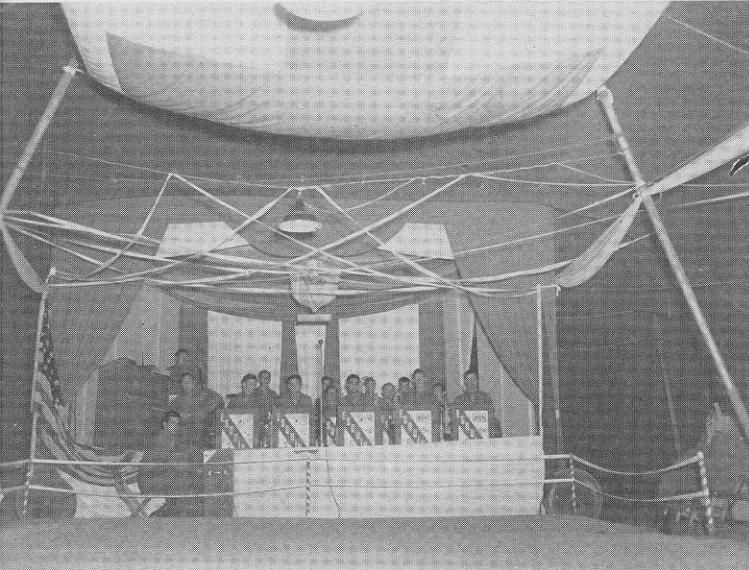




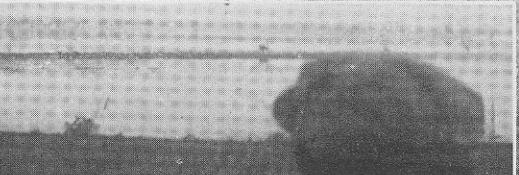
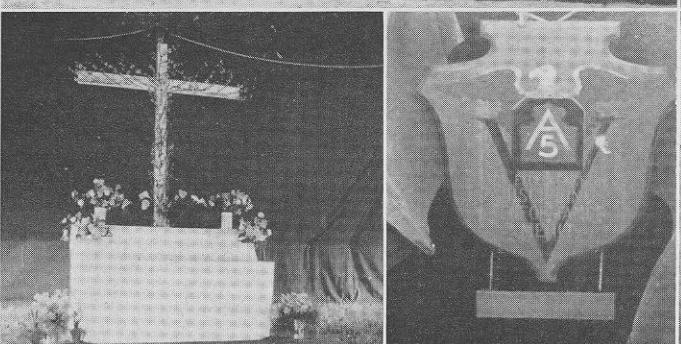
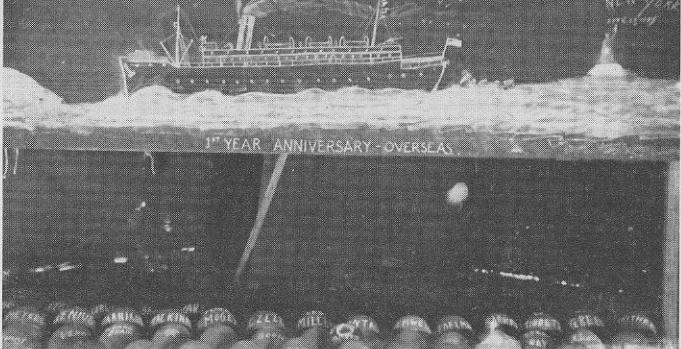
**Mt. Vesuvius Erupts.**

Cassino. Zendler's truck after mine. Unit III after shell.  
Hospital after wind. Donating blood. Child patient.





Nocelletto dance.



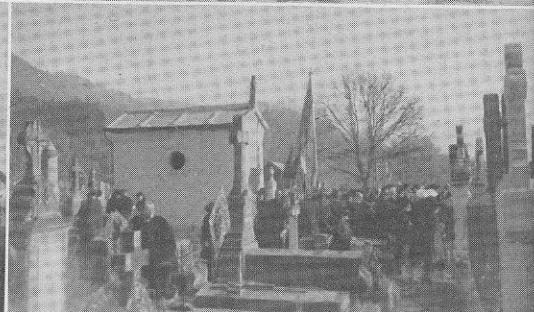
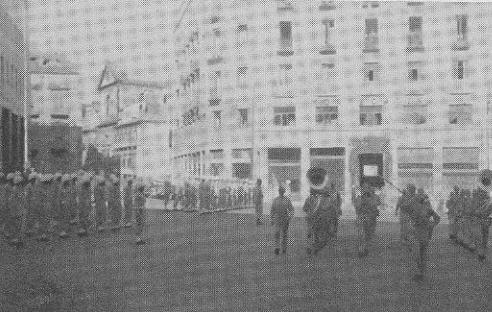
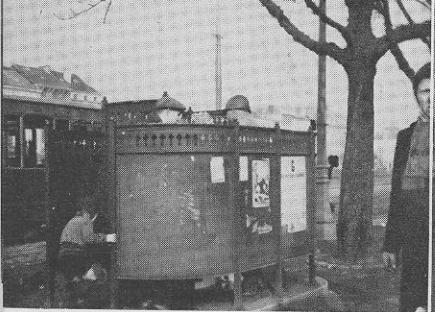
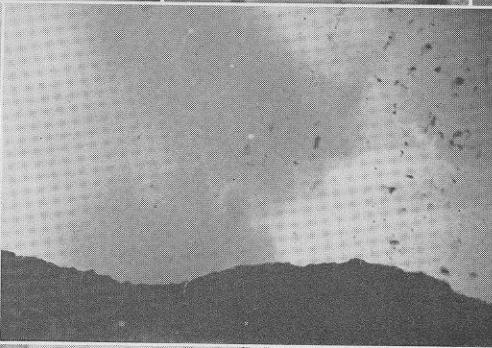
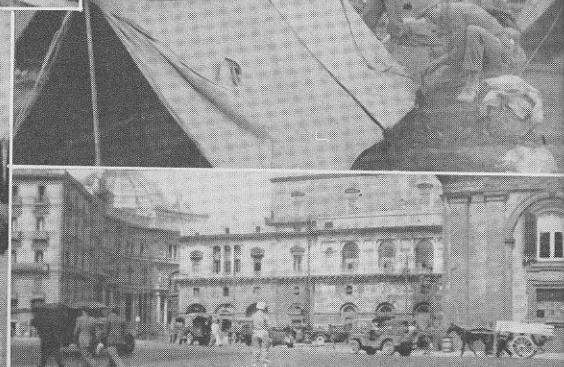
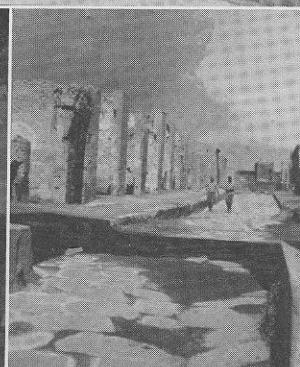
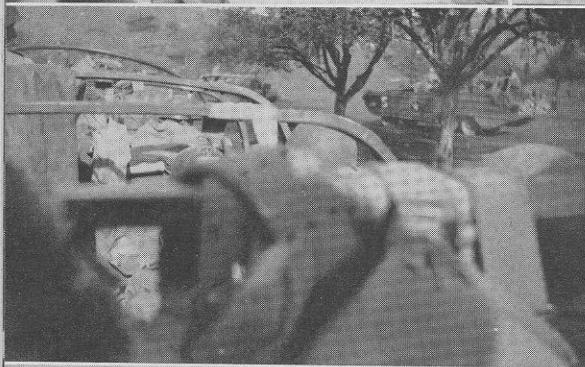
Nocelleto. Priverno. Pontine Marshes. Itri.

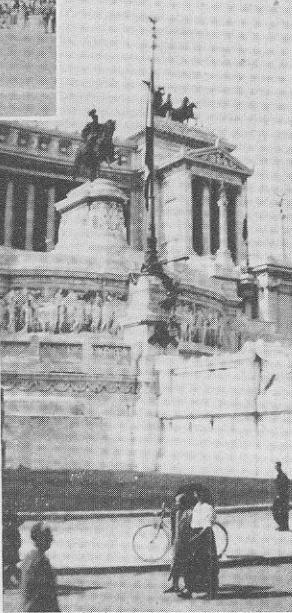
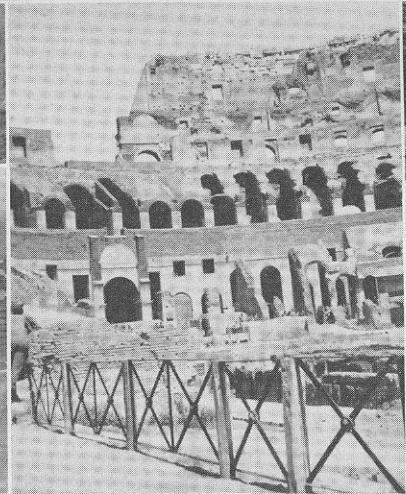
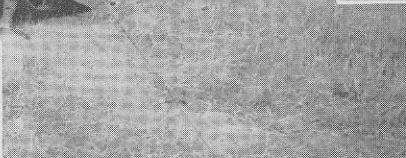
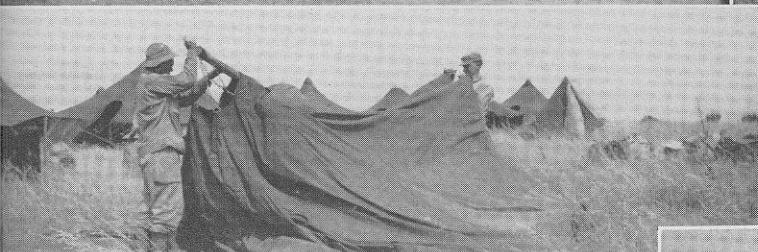
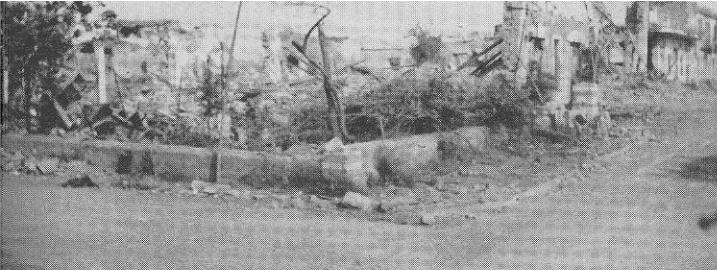
# Italy



Shelling of Cassino

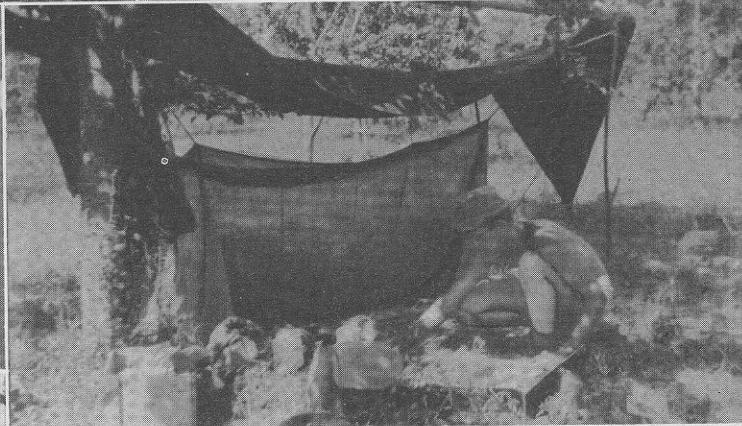
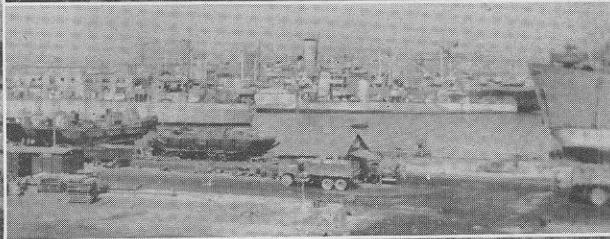
Up the boot. Naples. Vesuvius. Pompeii. Retreat in Naples.  
Italian funeral.

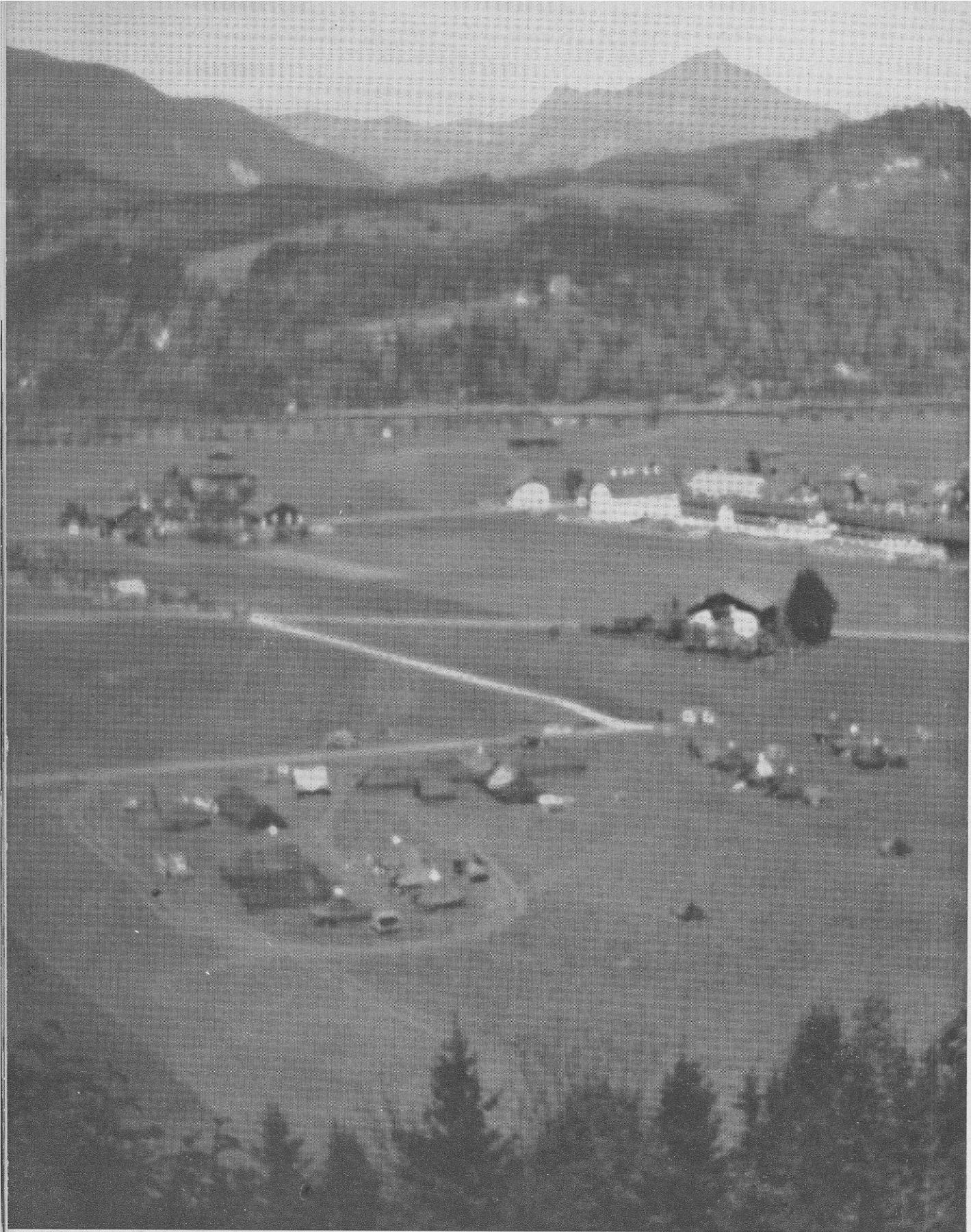




Cisterna. Rome. Grosseto.

Naples harbor before invasion of So. France. Staging area.  
San Pietro. Civitavecchia.





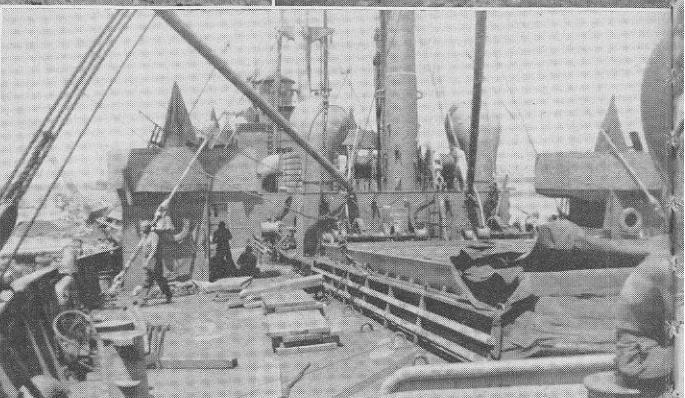
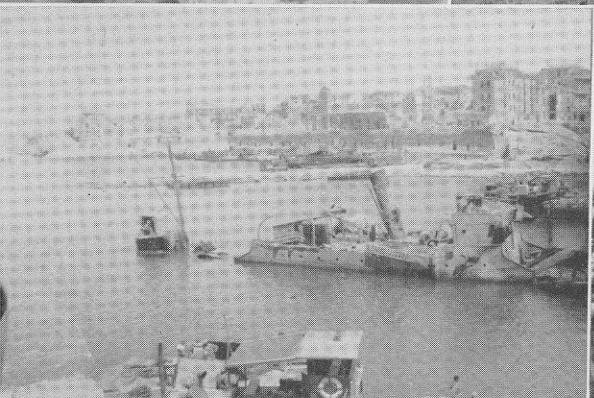
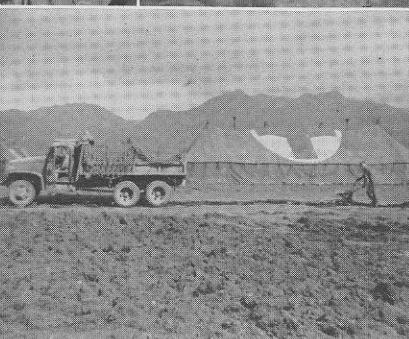
Unit III, Kufstein, Austria

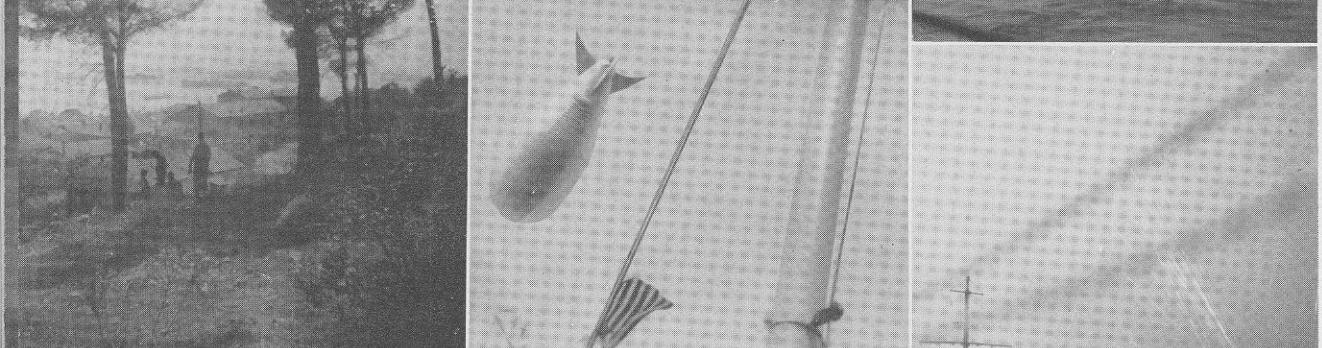
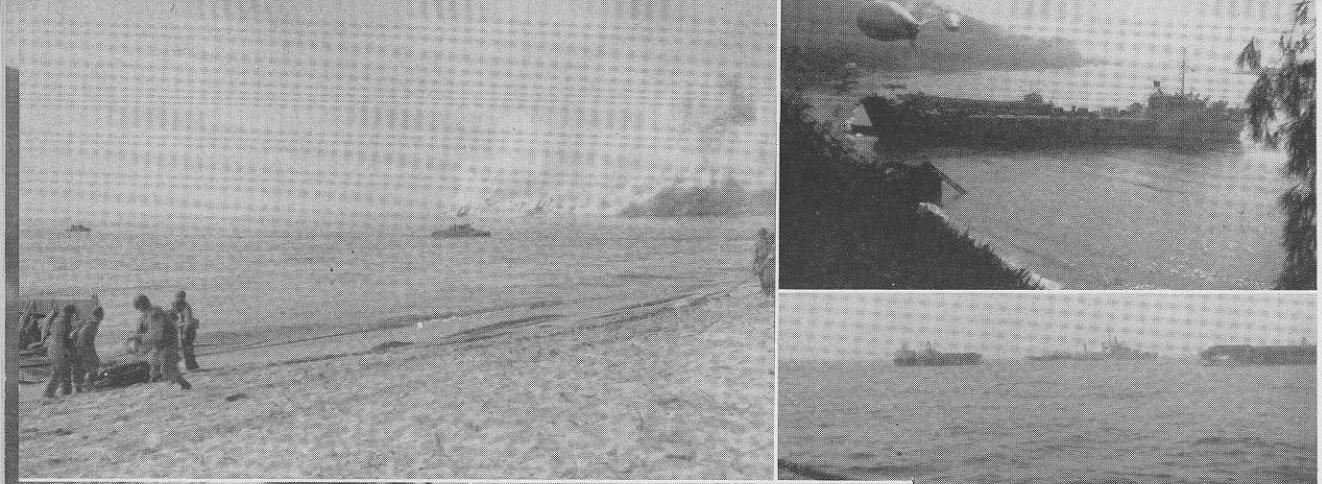
*France  
and  
Alsace*



D Day landing.

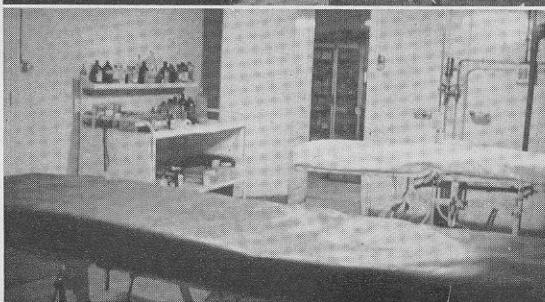
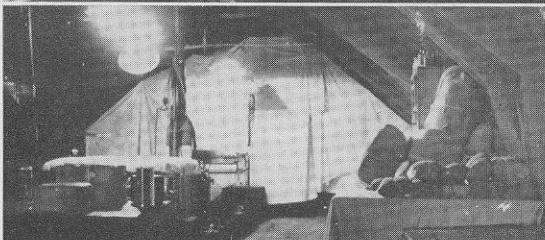
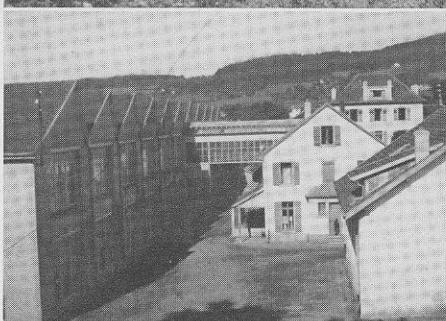
Waiting to load. Ships pull out.

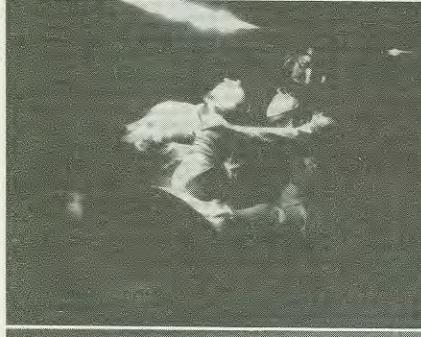
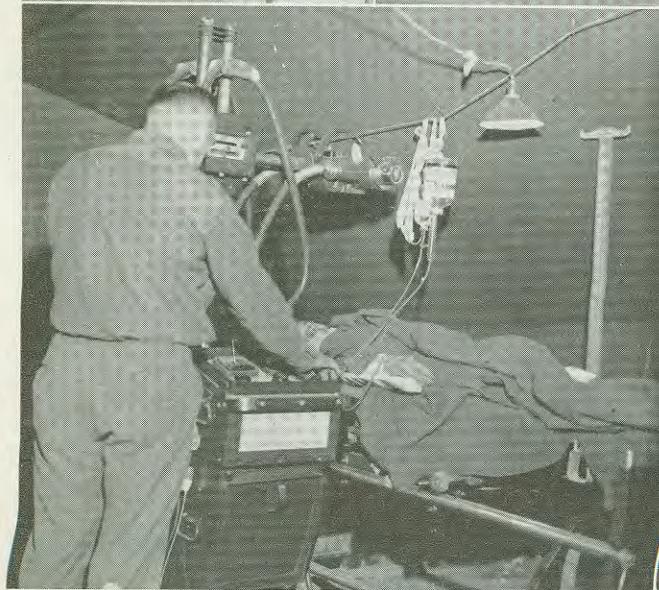
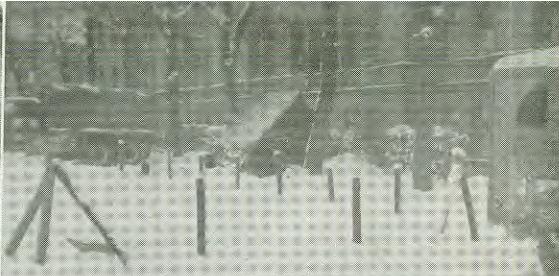




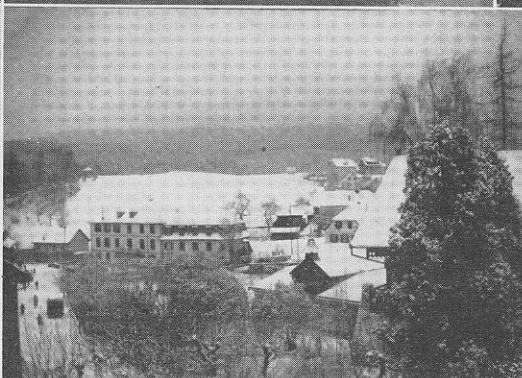
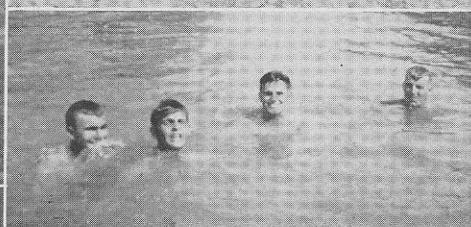
**D Day Landing**

Le Muy. Brumath. Pont d'Air. Eloyes. Drachenbronn.  
Phalsbourg. Ste. Marie aux Mines. Hochfelden.





Crest. Strasbourg. Sarrebourg.

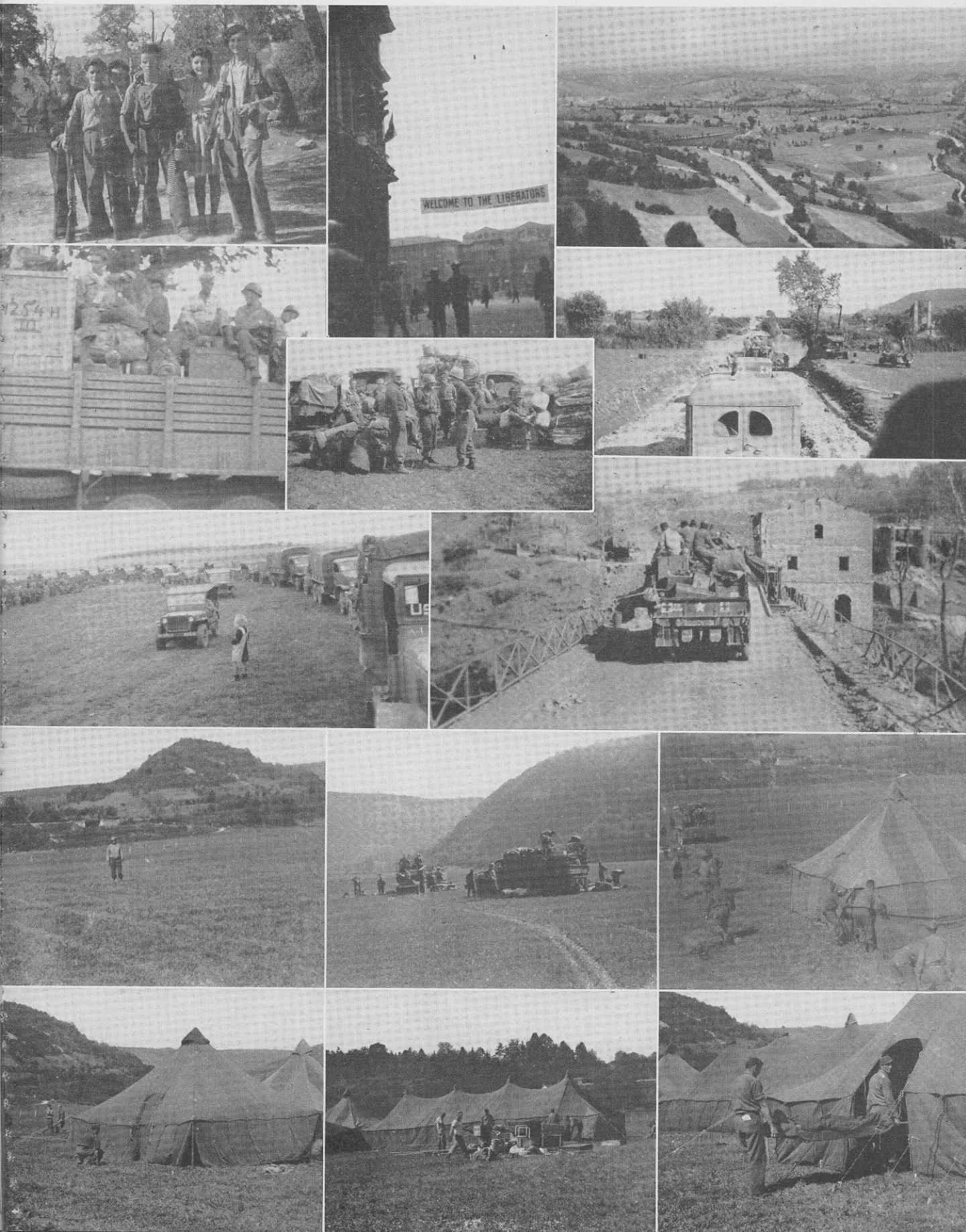


Bourg. Eloyes. Le Hohwald. Besancon. Crest

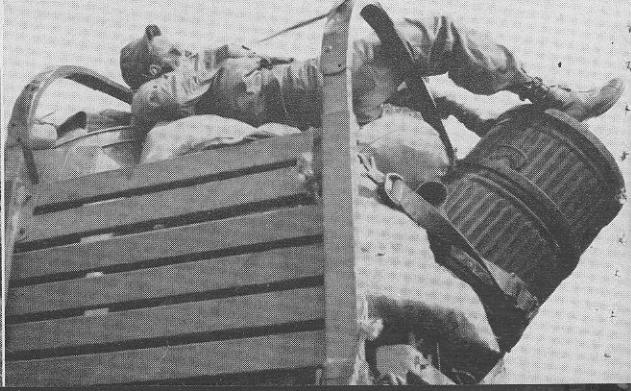
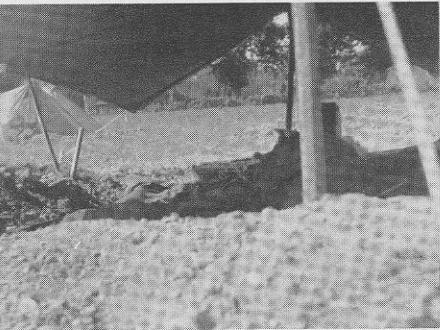
Strasbourg. Besancon. Ste. Marie. Bourg. Good Conduct  
awards at Hochfelden. Half-way mark. War department  
citation.



## Crossing Rhone. Unit 11 Sets up.

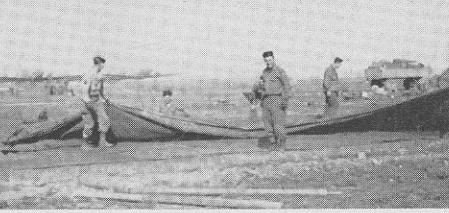
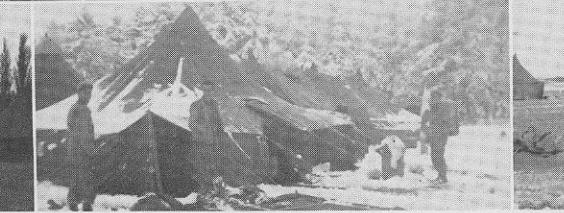
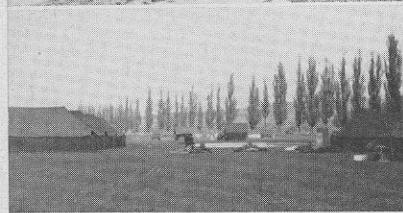
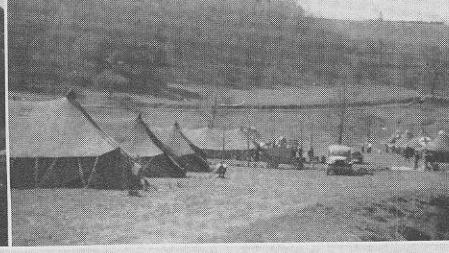
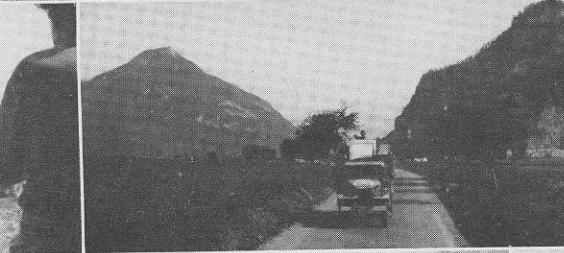
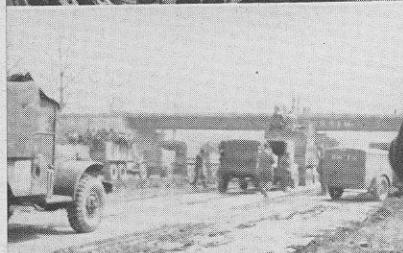
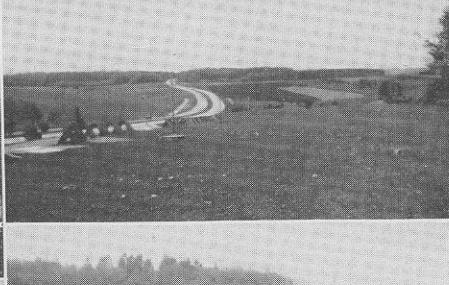
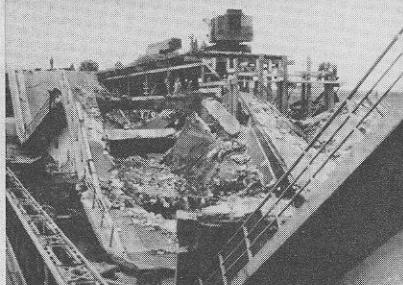
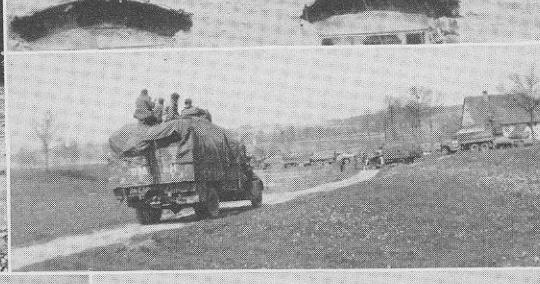
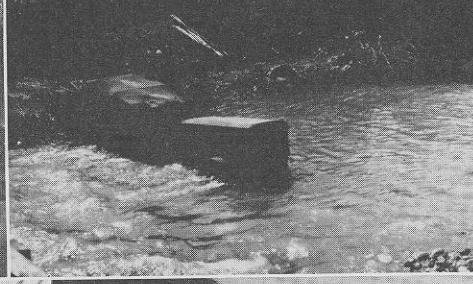
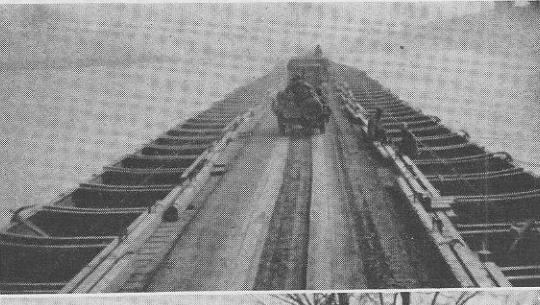
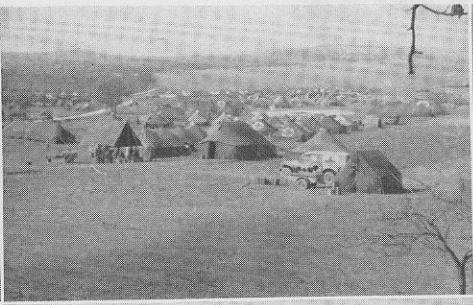
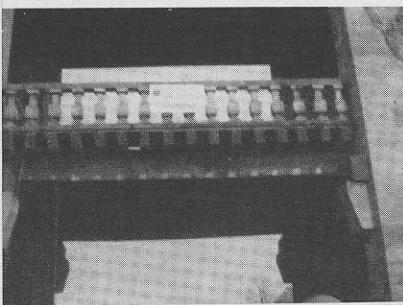


Moselle river. Crest. Alsace funeral.



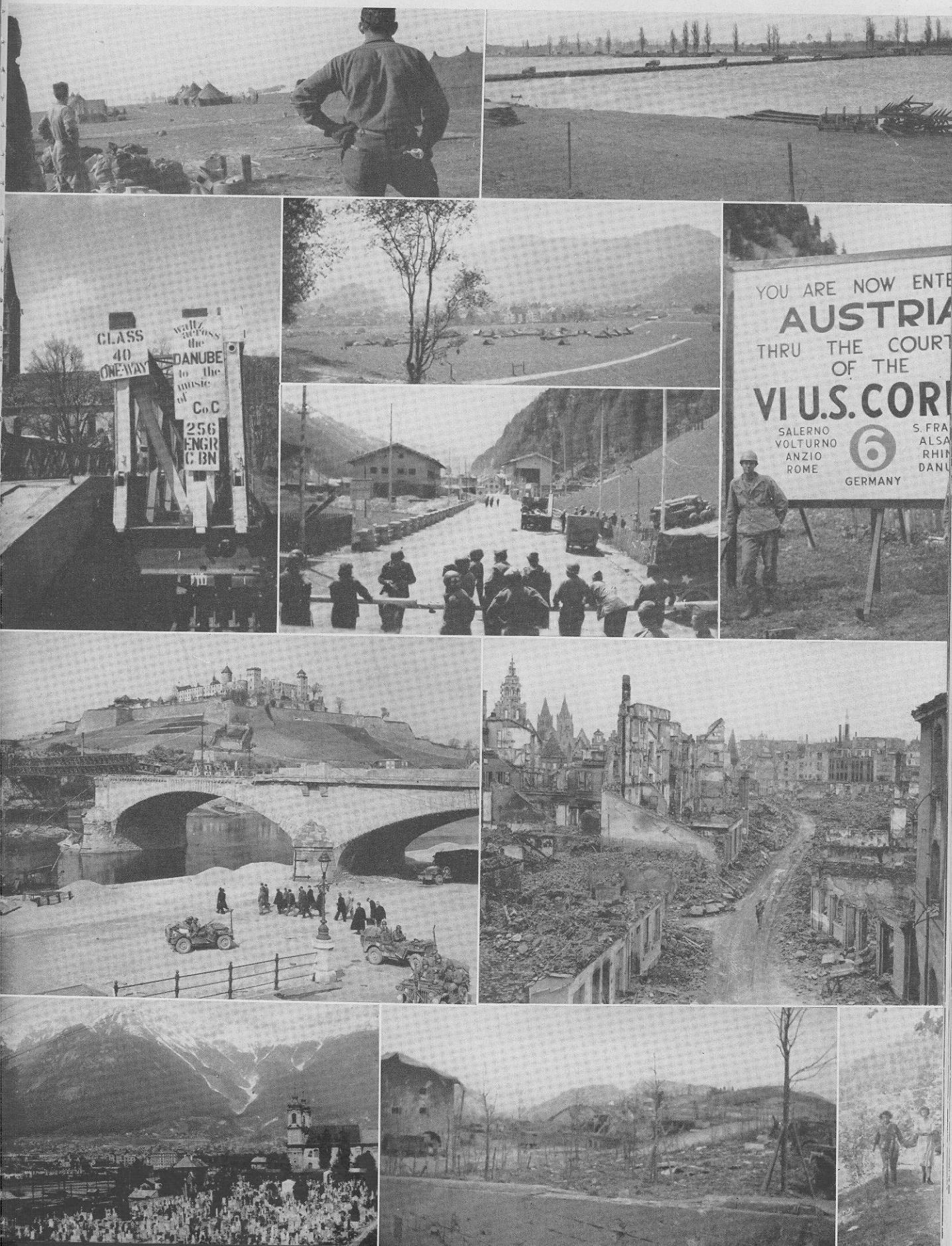
*Germany  
and  
Austria*

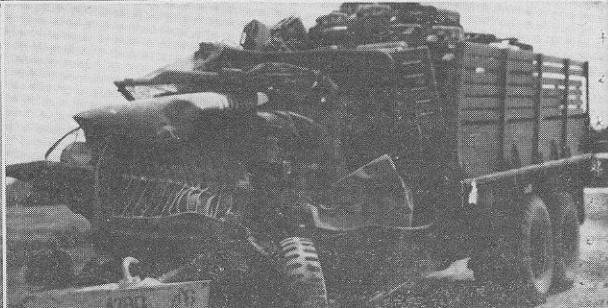
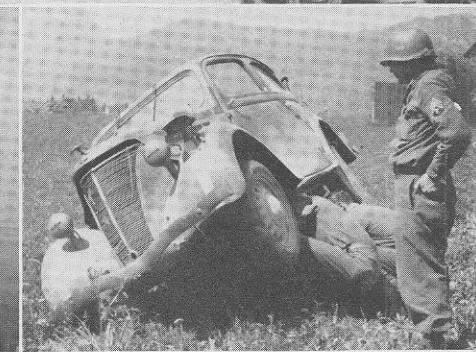
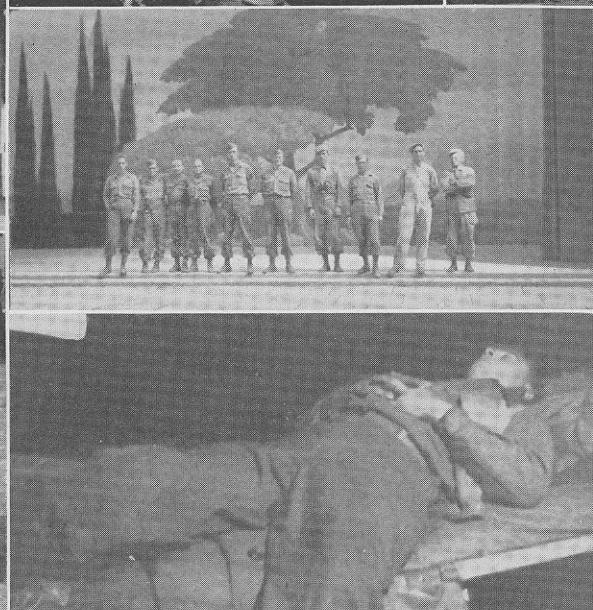




Gateway into Germany. Gollheim. Crossing Rhine. Erbach.  
Worms. Markbreit. Starnberg. Wurzburg.

Wurzburg. Crossing Danube. Kufstein. Brenner Pass.  
Heilbronn. Innsbruck. Berchtesgaden.

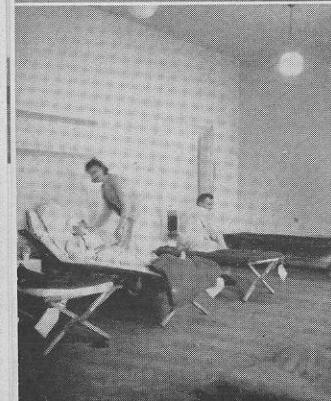
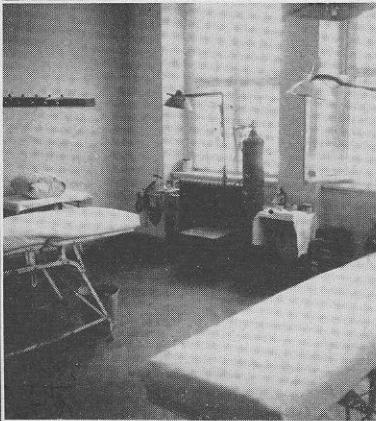
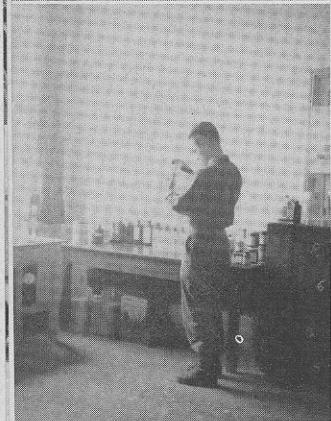
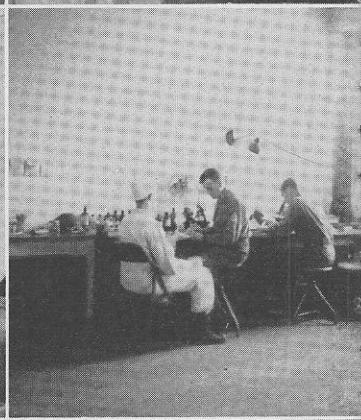
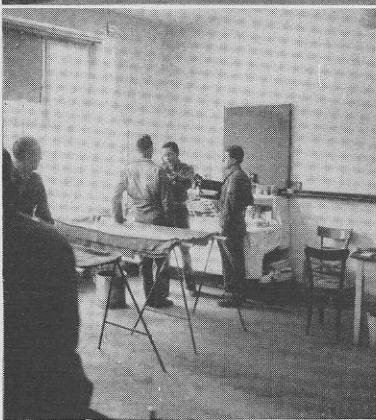
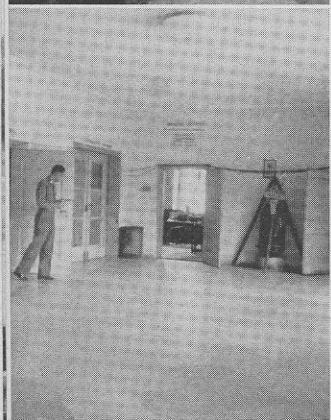
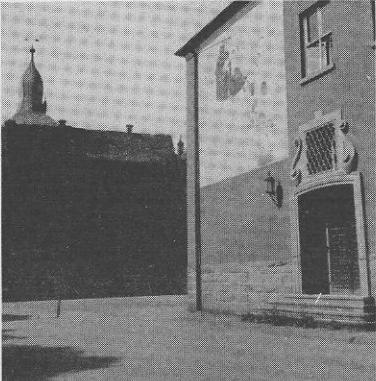
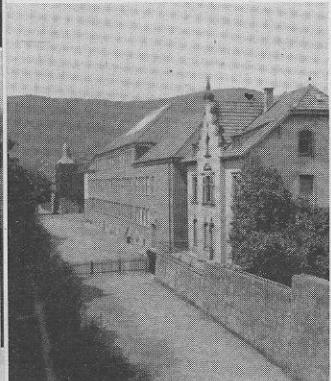


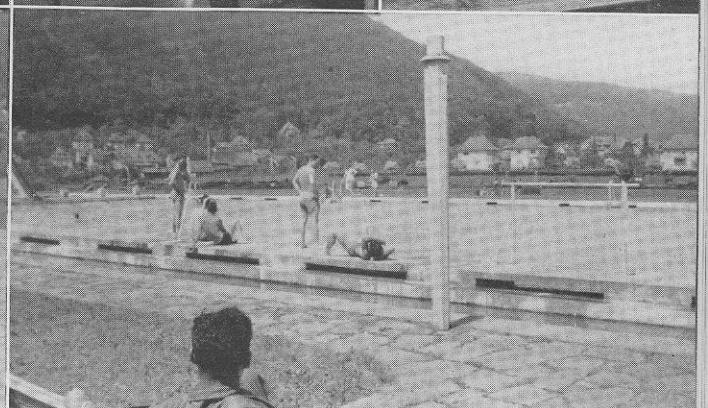
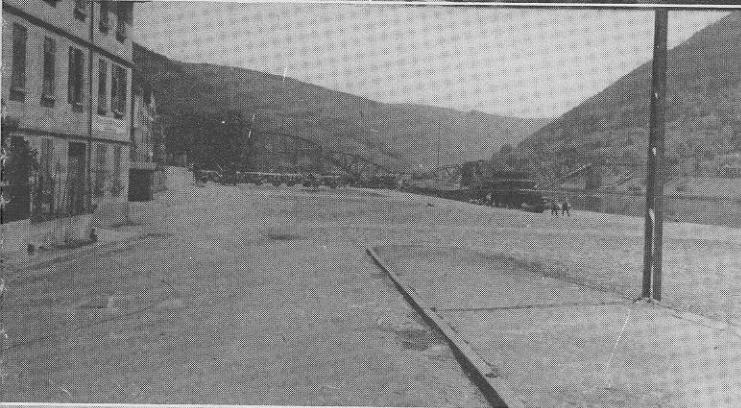
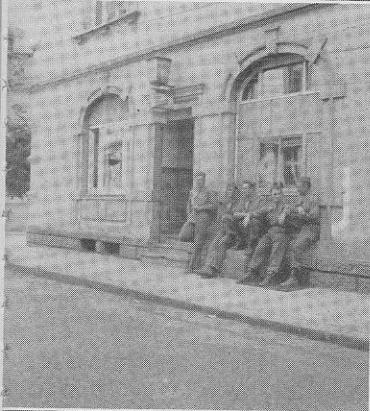
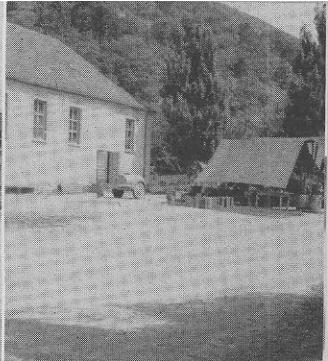
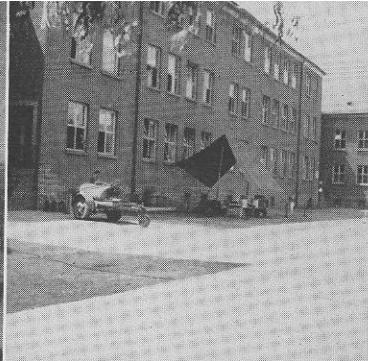
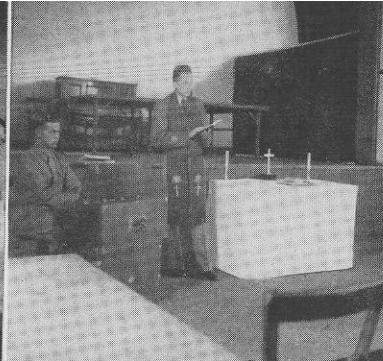
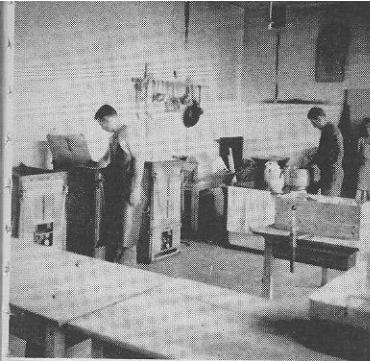


# Eberbach



Munich Beer Hall. Heidelberg. Dachau. Oberammergau  
Passion Play theater. Munich. Ammer See. Convoy to  
Eberbach.







**Patton visits the wounded.**

# Fifth Army Field Hospital



# Fifth Army Field Hospital

Margaret Bourke-White

An excerpt from  
They Called It "Purple Heart Valley"

Simon and Schuster \$3.00

Copyright 1944, by Margaret Bourke-White

Nurse Betty Cook, twenty-four-year-old Kentuckian, was one of ten surgical nurses in the 11th Field Hospital. These girls were working closer to the battle line than American women had ever worked before in this or any other war. Our troops were fighting their way through the lowlands of Cassino corridor, and these nurses were stationed actually ahead of our own heavy guns. A short stroll in the wrong direction would bring one right into German territory.

This advanced position of the field hospital made it possible to save many of those desperately serious cases inevitably lost in the last war. Here the worst brain, chest, and abdominal cases, which could not stand the long trip to the rear, were taken off the ambulances and given immediate definitive surgery.

The field hospital, marked with its red-painted crosses, was laid out in the form of a cross whose arms were formed of big, continuous wall tents. A wounded soldier could run the whole gamut of treatment without being carried out-of-doors.

Bedtime for the day staff came early in the blacked-out field hospital. I had arrived with Corporal Padgett at dusk, which during those winter months, came at five-thirty. The Corporal had gone off to find quarters and I went to a tent with five of the nurses, where I was to spend the night. It was only seven when blonde little Lieutenant Frances Mosher, of South Bend, Indiana, a coat over her pajamas, stoked up the primitive little wood stove in the center of the muddy floor and heated bath water in an empty apple-butter can. Lieutenant Elise Nichols began bathing in her helmet, finishing off her feet methodically with foot powder.

Nicky was from Melrose, Massachusetts, a good-natured girl, a bit on the plump side. "One of the first things you learn on this job," she explained to me, "is that even if you don't have time for anything else, you have to take care of your feet."

Tall, slender Lieutenant Ruth Hindman, her blonde hair glistening with rain, burst through the tent flaps. "The whole Volturno is running through our powder room," she said. "We'll have to get out our shovels and deepen that irrigation ditch in the morning."

Ruthie Hindman was from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and was one of those who are always cooking something for somebody. She started making cocoa in an empty plasma can. It had just come to a boil when a sound like a rising wind rushed out of the mountain toward us.

"Is that theirs or ours?" cried Nicky.

"Theirs," shouted Ruthie.

And instantly all that remained visible of the nurses were four pairs of legs sticking out from under the cots. By the time I had followed their example the sound had reached tornado proportions, when it suddenly halted in an abrupt thud.

"That's the first time they've ever aimed at the hospital," exclaimed Nicky, as the girls pulled themselves to their feet.

"Don't worry, honey, that was just a stray one," said Ruthie. "They're not after us; they're trying to knock out those guns beyond us. They aren't going to keep it up."

"There it comes again," shouted Fran, and we fell flat on our faces while a new sound carved a screaming path toward us until all sounds were lost in the deafening roar. It seemed as though the earth would never stop pelting against the tent walls, but at last it was over and we crawled to our feet.

Then I heard a voice from outside, "You all right, Peggy?" It was Padgett, and with his help I gathered up some camera equipment and we started out into the darkness.

Stumbling over wreckage to the hospital tent, Padgett and I found the shock ward a gloomy cavern with no electric light. Over each litter hung a small knot of medics in muddy boots and helmets, diagnosing wounds with only the illumination furnished by their GI flashlights.

The largest group were leaning over a soldier whose thighs had been practically amputated by a high explosive shell. Only raw strips of flesh and skin held the legs to the mangled body, and his right forearm had compound fractures of both bones. The boy's lacerated face was only partially visible under the oxygen mask; from twin bottles, mounted on a standard over his litter, both plasma and whole blood flowed into his veins.

The clay-colored lips, ringed by the oxygen mask, started moving, and Nurse Wilma Barnes leaned over to listen.

"They're taking my blood," whispered the soldier.

"No, Clarence, they're not taking your blood," she said, "they're giving you something to make you stronger."

We had thought the first salvo of shells was an accident, but it was only the first of many that screamed over our hospital all through the night. Sometimes every few minutes, and often every few seconds, a warning whistle would sound overhead, and the entire hospital staff would fall flat to the ground. But as soon as the shell landed, the surgeons, nurses, and ward attendants would rise instantly and continue their work. There was so much changing and disinfecting of rubber gloves, so much sterilizing of instruments, that a vacant cot next to Clarence's litter filled up completely with gear.

Clarence had lost so much blood that the doctors were giving him whole blood and plasma in both wrists instead of one. They were fighting hard to sustain him through acute shock, until he had rallied enough to be operated on.

The chief surgeon was applying a wire tourniquet

★**There were some nurses, some medical corps men, and a boy named Clarence—and their story is one of the great dramatic episodes of this war.**

around his torn thighs when a whooshlike sound swept over, closer than the rest. "Cross your fingers that it holds," he said as we all hit the dirt.

We had just regained our feet when a particularly loud scream came piercing toward us and we all fell flat. I noticed that Wilma, before she dropped down, took time to check the position of the blood plasma needles in the boy's wrists. I heard her say, "Hold your arm still, Clarence," and she lay down on the ground beside his cot.

The instant we heard the bang of the exploding shell, Wilma was the first person back on her feet, making sure those transfusion needles had not been jarred out of place.

As we all got off the muddy ground again, one of the surgeons commented, "Just a wee bit different from pounding the marble floors of a big hospital."

"Buy me a one-way ticket to New York," remarked one of the ward boys.

Occasionally a naked electric bulb hanging in the center of the tent blazed on as soldiers working in the ruins managed to make a temporary contact. But always before long the electricity failed again, and the surgeons went back to their flashlights.

The hours crawled on in their grotesque routine. The periodic whoosh overhead; the dive for the floor; up again and on with the work; the constant changing of blood and plasma bottles. Clarence was on his seventh unit of plasma, and 5000 cc.'s of whole blood had flowed into his veins, a record amount for the hospital.

So much blood was being used that the supply was running low. Members of the hospital staff began volunteering to give their blood. Then the truck drivers were called in; they came, lying down on any available litter to give their pints of blood, and hurrying out again to work. At last the need of blood became so great that the gun crews from the artillery positions up the road came down in rotation, long enough to donate blood and then go back to their job of shelling the German mountain.

Once more Clarence moved his pasty-colored lips and Wilma leaned down to listen. "No, Son," she said in her soft Texas drawl, "you can't have a cigarette yet. Wait just a little while longer."

The little redhead Commanding Officer, Major Bonham, came up rolling a replacement oxygen tank. "Things are at their worst. We're almost out of Type A blood. We're running out of blood citrates which we need for all these transfusions, and now the oxygen is giving out."

He checked the dials. "It's not working properly," he said. "There's only one tank left and that's being used in the operating room. We must keep that patient breathing. We'll have to move Clarence in there."

Clarence was without oxygen for four and one-half minutes while the little procession, headed by Major Bonham carrying the twin bottles on their

standards, moved through connecting tents into the white-draped operating tent, where Clarence could again be connected with blood, plasma, and oxygen supply. He shared his new oxygen pressure tank with the patient on the operating table, a boy who had been brought in with multiple wounds of face and chest, and with one-third of his thigh shot away.

While Clarence was being moved, Padgett asked, "Can you get along without me for half an hour, Peggy?"

"Of course," I replied, but I was surprised, because never before had the Corporal left me during an emergency.

Half an hour later, Padgett came back, looking a little pale. It was only later that I found he had given a pint of blood—his was Type A, the kind they were short of.

Clarence's breathing had grown so shallow that the balloon at the base of his mask, which should inflate with each breath, lay almost flat on his chest. Captain Floyd Taylor began pinching the nostrils under the mask and holding his hands over the mouth, trying to force Clarence to breath deeper.

"He's getting everything for shock that the books have to offer," said Captain Taylor.

Meanwhile Wilma had recognized a boy on the next table. "How do you feel, Chester?" she inquired.

"Not so good," Chester managed to reply.

The group of helmeted surgeons were now leaning over Chester, debating whether to amputate or try to save his wounded leg, thereby running the risk of gas gangrene. Having decided to try to save Chester's leg, they tied on gauze masks and began to operate.

It was two in the morning before Chester was moved to the adjoining ward. Meanwhile Clarence had received a total of 6000 cc.'s of blood. He was moving his lips again in their rubber frame, and Captain Taylor tried to catch the words.

"He's asking for watermelon," the Captain explained. "They often ask for their favorite foods when they're near death." Leaning over Clarence, he said, "They're not in season, Son."

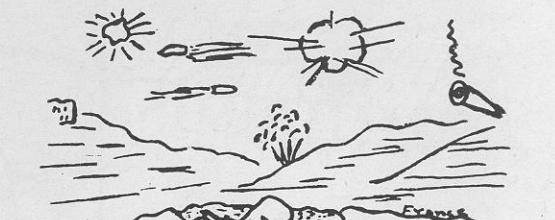
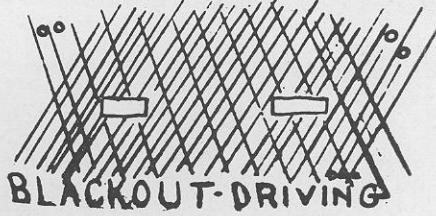
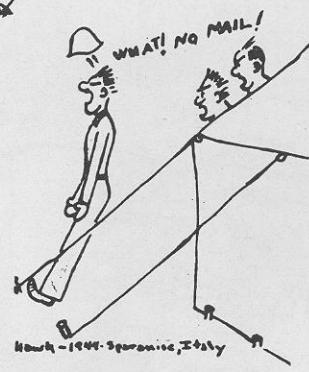
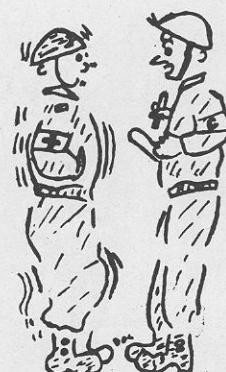
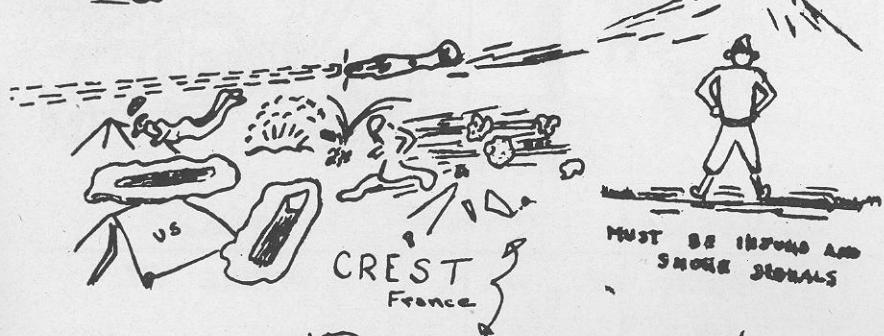
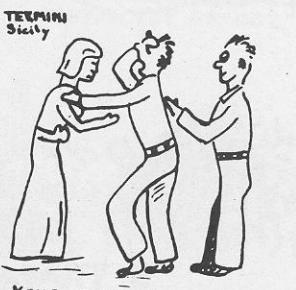
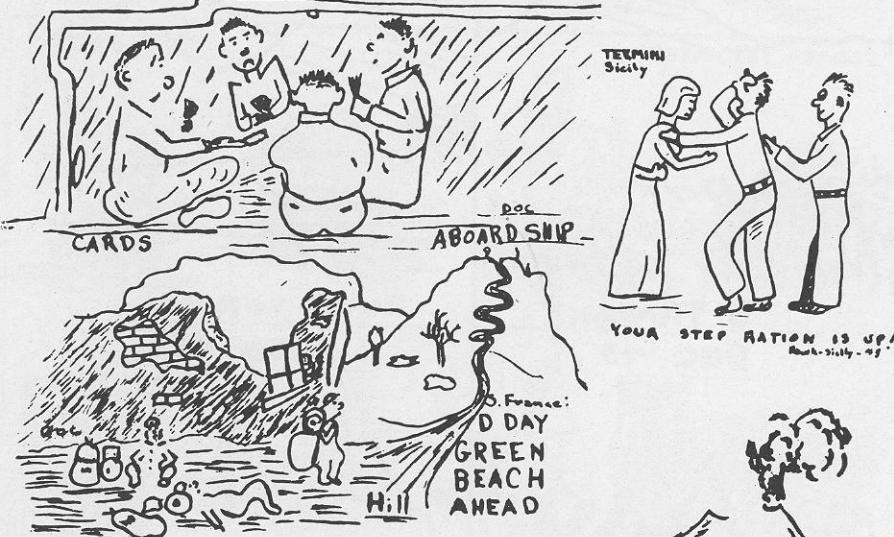
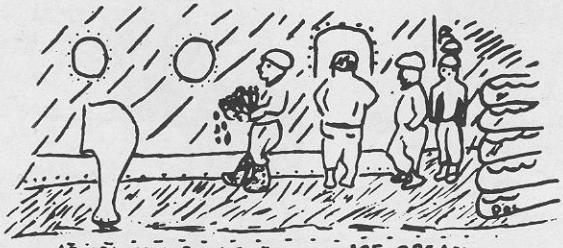
"Cover up my feet," Clarence murmured. And then, whispering, "I'm so cold," he died.

I took a last picture of those feet, still in their muddy boots, and with the boy's own rifle strapped between them where it served as a splint for the crushed legs.

The corps men lifted the blood-stained gun away. "Be careful," one of them said quietly, "it may be loaded."

Kindly Captain Taylor bade me good night. "The lad wouldn't have had much left to do with if he had lived," he said, "with both legs and one arm gone." Credit Consendation Courtesy of Reader's Scope Magazine.

# CARTOONS



"What! You're not going to evacuate?!"

"If Mama Could See Me Now"  
ELOYES



C I T A T I O N

For Award Of The  
MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

The 11th Field Hospital is awarded the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks for the period 15 August 1944 to 30 November 1944, in France. Assigned the task of rendering medical support to the 45th and 36th Infantry Division Clearing Stations during amphibious operations in Southern France and acting in the same capacity for other divisions in the subsequent land operations, members of the 11th Field Hospital performed their duties in a superior manner at all times and under many trying conditions. The excellent cooperation and aggressive nature of each member of the hospital has been of immeasurable value to the welfare of sick and wounded personnel passing through this installation.

# ERNIE PYLE



DEAN  
COIN  
WELL



## Frontlines In Italy

I was at the foot of the mule trail the night they brought Capt. Waskow's body down. The moon was nearly full at the time, and you could see far up the trail, and even part way across the valley below. Soldiers made shadows in the moonlight as they walked.

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly-down across the wooden pack-saddles, their heads hanging down on the left side of the mule, their stiffened legs sticking out awkwardly from the other side, bobbing up and down as the mule walked.

The Italian mule-skinners were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies at the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself, and ask others to help.

The first one came early in the evening. They slid him down from the mule and stood him on his feet for a moment, while they got a new grip. In the half light he might have been merely a sick man standing there, leaning on the others. Then they lay him on the ground in the shadow of the low stone wall alongside the road.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of the dead men, and ashamed at being alive, and you don't ask silly questions.

We left him there beside the road, that first one, and we all went back into the cowshed and sat on water cans or lay on the straw, waiting for the next batch of mules.

Somebody said the dead soldier had been dead for four days, and then nobody said anything more about it. We talked soldier talk for an hour or more. The dead man lay all alone outside, in the shadow of the low stone wall.

Then a soldier came into the cowshed and said there were some more bodies outside. We went out into the road. Four mules stood there, in the moonlight, in the road where the trail came down off the mountain. The soldiers who lead them stood there waiting. "This one is Capt. Waskow," one of them said quietly.

Two men unashed his body from the mule and lifted it off and lay it in the shadow beside the low stone wall. Other men took the other bodies off. Finally there were

five, lying end to end in a long row, alongside the road. You don't cover up dead men in the combat zone. They just lie there in the shadows until somebody else comes after them.

The unburdened mules moved off to their olive orchard. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually one by one I could sense them moving close to Capt. Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him, and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, "God damn it." That's all he said, and then he walked away. Another one came. He said, "God damn it to hell anyway." He looked down for a few last moments, and then he turned and left.

Another man came; I think he was an officer. It was hard to tell officers from men in the half-light, for all were bearded and grimy dirty. The man looked down into the dead captain's face, and then he spoke directly to him, as though he were alive. He said:

"I'm sorry, old man."

Then a soldier came and stood beside the officer, and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper but awfully tenderly, and he said:

"I sure am sorry, sir."

Then the first man squatted down, and he reached down and took the dead hand, and he sat there for five full minutes, holding the dead hand in his own and looking intently into the dead face, and he never uttered a sound all the time he sat there.

And then finally he put the hand down, and then reached up and gently straightened the points of the captain's shirt collar, and then he sort of rearranged the tattered edges of his uniform around the wound. And then he got up and walked away down the road in the moonlight, all alone.

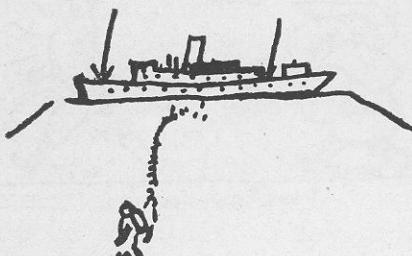
After that the rest of us went back into the cowshed, leaving the five dead men lying in line, end to end, in the shadow of the low stone wall. We lay down on the straw in the cowshed, and pretty soon we were all asleep.

Reprinted through courtesy of Scripps-Howard Newspapers and Henry Holt Publishers of "BRAVE MEN," by Ernie Pyle. \$3.00.

May 43

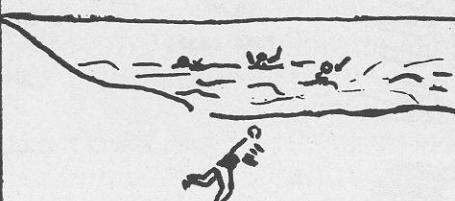
June 43

July 43



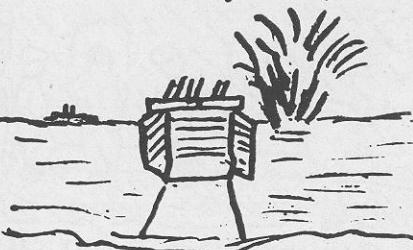
ORAN

AUG 43



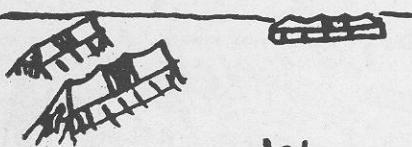
Port-Aux-Poules  
BEACH

SEPT 43



SELA

OCT 43



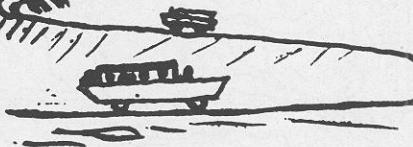
COLLESANO

NOV. 43



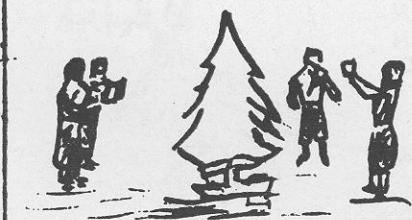
TRAPANI

DEC. 43



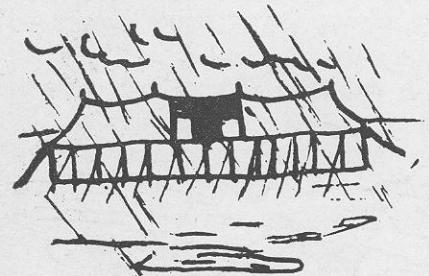
DUCK CONVOY

JAN 44



3RD UNIT - PRESENZANO

FEB 44



RAIN

CHRISTMAS.

MAR. 44



WIND

A Mine

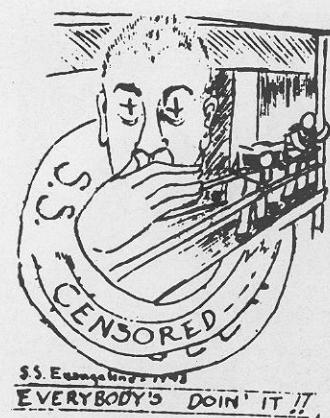
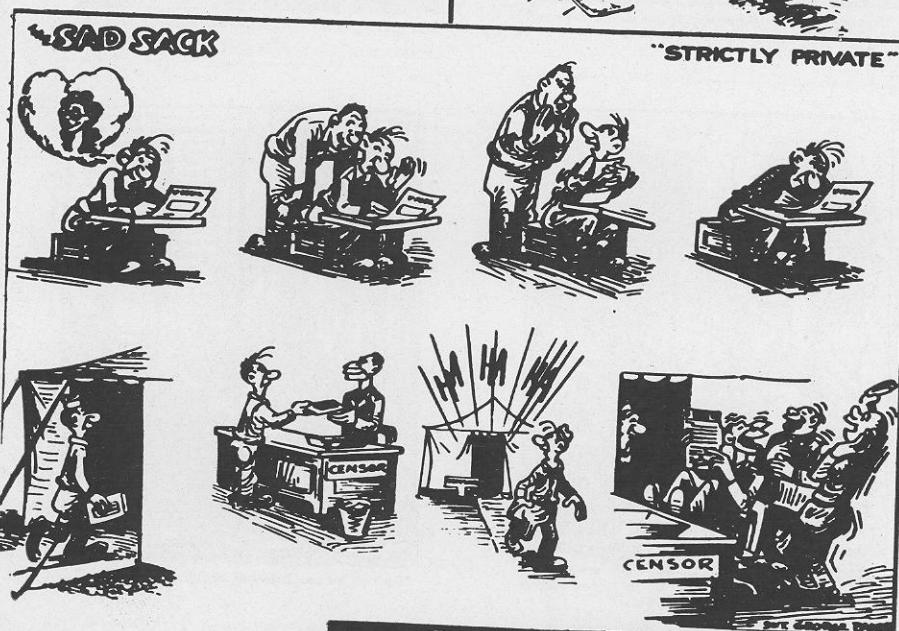
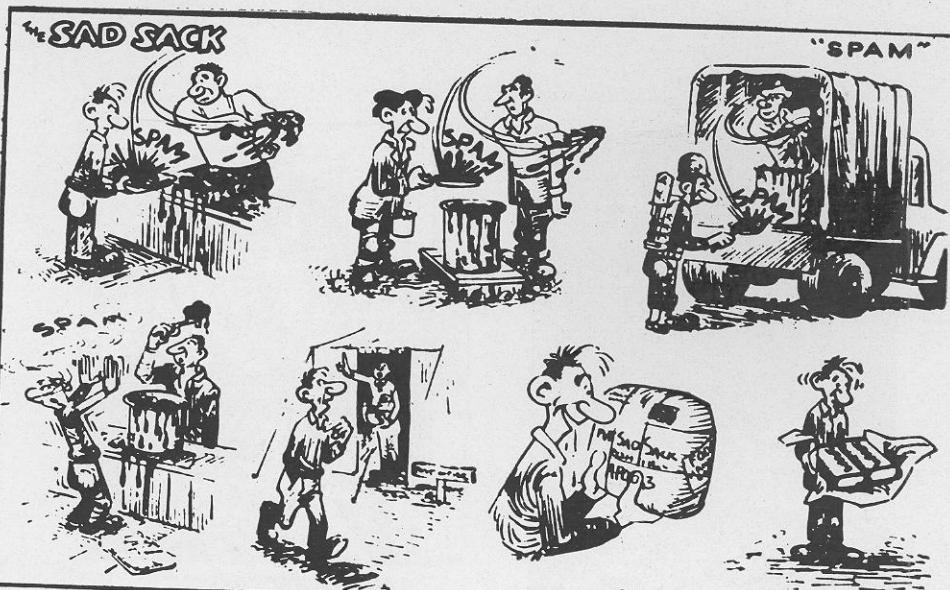
APRIL 44



AWARDS



—Boat Drill—



## THE SAD SACK "IN TOWN"





"I feel like a fugitive from th' law of averages."



"Nonsense. S-2 reported that machine gun silenced hours ago.  
Stop wiggling your fingers at me."



"I can't git no lower, Willie. Me buttons is in th' way."



"Why th' hell couldn't you have been born a beautiful woman?"



"We calls 'em garritroopers. They're too far forward to wear ties an' too far back to git shot."



"Don't tell 'em now, lieutenant. Wait'll they fix th' stove."



"I caught KP agin."



"I'll let ya know if I find th' one who invented th' 88."



"I sat her to teach me to yodel. She taught me to yodel."



"yellow one is fer national defense, th' red one wit' white  
ones is fer very good conduct, and th' real purty one wit' all th'  
colors is fer bein' in this theater of operations."



"Uncle Willie!"



"Oh, I likes officers. They makes me want to live till  
the war's over."



"Dammit, ya promised to bring rations this trip."



**Bill Mauldin**

# Headquarters FIFTH ARMY COMMENDATION

*To all whom it may concern*

HOSPITALIZATION UNIT II, 11TH FIELD HOSPITAL

*is hereby commended for outstanding performance of duty*

## CITATION

HOSPITALIZATION UNIT II, 11TH FIELD HOSPITAL is awarded the Fifth Army Plaque and Clasp for meritorious service during the month of January 1944. Often in the face of serious obstacles, this organization has established an outstanding record in the performance of services invaluable to Fifth Army. This unit displayed a high degree of skill in fulfilling a vital mission which resulted in saving the lives of our wounded soldiers. Reliance is put upon Hospitalization Unit II, 11th Field Hospital to maintain its record in the days that lie ahead.



*Mark W. Clark*

MARK W. CLARK,  
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army,  
Commanding.

January 1944

During the afternoon of 31 December, a wind and rain storm of considerable violence began. It increased in rigor as the evening progressed and continued unabated until about 1030 hours on 1 January. During the night, this storm blew down and rendered irreparable the Headquarters tent and caused considerable damage to the records and equipment contained therein. Besides this, the loss of tentage for the whole organization amounted to 15 ward tents, 11 pyramidal tents, and 5 small wall tents. A great deal of equipment was also lost or damaged. This damage rendered the units

inactive professionally for three days.

With the exception of this short period, all units were active during the entire month except Unit I which closed down and went into bivouac on 23 January. Unit I worked in conjunction with the clearing company of the 54th Medical Battalion, Unit II with the clearing company of the 109th Medical Battalion, and Unit III with the clearing company of the 111th Medical Battalion.

During this month, Unit II made use of a holding hospital, the first time such a unit was used in Italy.

From Official Records

# MOVES



Convoy up Southern France



# OPERATION SUCCESSFUL



3-7 Tarquinia  
 5-7 SS Haym Salomon  
 6-7 Sailed from Civitavecchia  
 7-7 Naples  
 8-7 Sparanise  
 26-7 Qualiano  
 9-8 Qualiano  
 10-8 USS George O. Squire  
 13-8 Sailed from Naples

## UNIT II

29-12 Presanzano

### 1944

8-1 San Pietro  
 27-1 Variano\*  
 25-2 Piedmonte  
 3-3 Piedmonte\*  
 9-3 Bucciano  
 31-3 Nocelletto  
 16-5 Minturno  
 21-5 Itri  
 1-6 Priverno  
 6-6 Cisterno  
 13-6 Dogana  
 16-6 Grosseto  
 25-6 Follonica  
 26-6 Campiglia  
 27-6 Campiglia\*  
 1-7 Follonica  
 3-7 Tarquinia  
 5-7 SS Haym Salomon  
 6-7 Sailed from Civitavecchia  
 7-7 Naples  
 8-7 Sparanise  
 19-7 Qualiano  
 8-8 Emb. Point No. 7  
 9-8 USS Barnett  
 13-8 Sailed from Naples

## MOVES IN FRANCE

### HEADQUARTERS

#### 1944

15-8 Drammont  
 17-8 Le Muy  
 18-8 Draguignan  
 23-8 Les Bons Enfants  
 24-8 Crest  
 4-9 Bohas  
 5-9 Attignot  
 9-9 Chay  
 18-9 Luxeil les Bains  
 29-9 Eloyes  
 28-11 Bruyeres  
 30-11 Ste. Marie Aux Mines

#### 1945

7-1 Sarrebourg  
 13-1 Saverne  
 22-3 Surbourg

### UNIT I

#### 1944

15-8 Drammont  
 17-8 Le Muy  
 18-8 Draguignan  
 22-8 Aspres-de-Beuch  
 23-8 Crest  
 11-9 Chay  
 15-9 Saulx  
 20-9 Plombieres les Bains  
 7-10 Eloyes  
 2-11 Bruyeres  
 25-11 Ban de Laveline  
 2-12 Ban de Laveline\*  
 2-12 Ste. Marie Aux Mines  
 10-12 Ste. Marie Aux Mines\*

#### 1945

22-1 Ribeauville

3-6 Valmontone  
 17-6 Dogana  
 18-6 Grosseto  
 24-6 Follonica  
 3-7 Tarquinia  
 5-7 SS Haym Salomon  
 6-7 Sailed from Civitavecchia  
 7-7 Naples  
 8-7 Sparanise  
 26-7 Qualiano  
 9-8 Qualiano  
 10-8 USS George O. Squire  
 13-8 Sailed from Naples

## UNIT III

### 1944

17-11 Variano  
 17-11 Prensano

#### 1944

19-1 San Pietro  
 29-2 Piedmonte  
 3-3 Piedmonte\*  
 9-3 Bucciano  
 31-3 Nocelletto  
 18-5 Minturno  
 24-5 Monte S. Biago  
 26-5 M.S. Biago\*  
 27-5 M.S. Biago\*  
 27-5 Priverno  
 6-6 Cisterna  
 13-6 Dogana  
 17-6 S. Grosseto  
 20-6 N. Grosseto  
 3-7 Tarquinia  
 5-7 SS Haym Salomon  
 6-7 Sailed from Civitavecchia  
 7-7 Naples  
 8-7 Sparanise  
 26-7 Qualiano  
 9-8 Qualiano  
 10-8 USS George O. Squire  
 13-8 Sailed from Naples

## UNIT II

### UNIT II

#### 1944

15-8 Ste. Maxime  
 17-8 Ste. Maxime  
 20-8 Ste. Maxime  
 21-8 St. Paul-les-Durance  
 26-8 Montrond  
 27-8 Varces  
 31-8 Morestal  
 5-9 Pont D'Air  
 5-9 Cesancey  
 6-9 Chantrans  
 6-9 Chantrans\*  
 8-9 Etalans  
 11-9 Baume les Dames  
 14-9 Baume les Dames\*  
 21-9 Bains les Bains  
 27-9 Epinal  
 2-10 Epinal\*  
 20-11 Eloyes  
 23-12 Ribeauville

#### 1945

7-1 Ste. Marie Aux Mines  
 10-1 Sarrebourg  
 18-1 Bouxwiller  
 21-1 Phalsbourg  
 13-3 LaPetite Pierre

## MOVES IN GERMANY TO 1 JUNE 1945

### HEADQUARTERS

### UNIT I

26-3 Lambrecht  
 29-3 Gollheim  
 2-4 Erbach  
 4-4 Hopfingen  
 14-4 Markbreit  
 20-4 Bettwar  
 28-4 Dillingen  
 2-5 St. Alban  
 19-5 Oberdielbach  
 20-5 Eberbach

### UNIT II

28-3 Rumbach  
 29-3 Gollheim  
 2-4 Miltenberg  
 3-4 Wustenzell  
 15-4 Einersheim  
 16-4 Langenfeld  
 26-4 Dillingen  
 27-4 Wertingen  
 10-5 St. Alban  
 16-5 Oberdielbach  
 20-5 Eberbach

### UNIT III

31-3 Gollheim  
 2-4 Erbach  
 6-4 Wustenzell  
 7-4 Wurzburg  
 18-4 Markbreit  
 21-4 Wolperthausen  
 24-4 Leinzell  
 2-5 Weilheim  
 3-5 Bad Tolz  
 6-5 Kufstein, Austria  
 11-5 St. Alban  
 21-5 Eberbach

\* HOLDING UNITS

**I Wonder**

Everytime I dip my pen in ink  
 I wonder what the censor thinks.  
 Will the words I'm about to write  
 Keep the poor soul awake at night  
 Will he cry and will he weep,  
 Or will he laugh himself to sleep?

Raymond H. Allen

**Sick Call**

When I get to feeling ill,  
 I never go and get a pill;  
 Because I know from constant din  
 All I'll get is aspirin.

F. E. Tomlinson

**Package From Home**

There comes a time, 'bout once a year  
 When we exchange gifts to bring us cheer,  
 But this is the tale of a GI Joe  
 Whose gifts from home brought nothing but woe.

Monday:

Package for Joe, wonder what's in it?  
 Wait now, fellas, hold on a minute.  
 A package for me, I'm a lucky man . . .  
 Holy cats . . . a can of Spam!

Tuesday:

Package for Joe, here we go again.  
 Can't be cigarettes, feels like a can.  
 Wonder if it's soup . . . I like chowder . . .  
 Ogeegosh . . . a can of tooth powder!

Wednesday:

Package for Joe, don't you wish you were he?  
 Don't crowd around, give me room to see.  
 Package from home, everything's dandy.  
 Holy smokes . . . a mess of hard candy!

Thursday:

Package from home. What again?  
 Might be a wristwatch or maybe a pen.  
 Or it could even be something to smoke.  
 Aw rats . . . a cake of soap!

Friday:

Package for Joe, makes five he's had.  
 Hope it cheers him up, he's awfully sad.  
 His girl said it would catch his eye.  
 It can't be . . . it is . . . a polka dot tie.

Saturday:

Package for Joe, here's where I came in.  
 Joe's in the guardhouse with a busted chin.  
 As they took him away I could hear him rave,  
 "Anyone want a book on how to be a WAVE?"

Raymond H. Allen

**Lines Found Near A Submerged Field Hospital**

Now is the season of rain and thunder,  
 When you go to bed above and wake up under;  
 And though you're rugged as a Turk or Saracen,  
 You wish to God you were back in garrison.  
 Churchill once mentioned tears, sweat, and blood,  
 But forgot the worst of the whole lot—mud.

Mud on privates (first class and bucks)  
 Mud on sergeants, jeeps, and trucks,  
 Mud on you and mud on me,  
 And on 2nd Lieutenants, M.A.C.  
 Insidious mud that sticks like glue,  
 Reminiscent of C ration stew,  
 Mud that's impossible to get off ye,  
 Mud that looks like GI coffee.

Generals all whoever you may be,  
 Bend an ear to this GI plea;  
 Listen and heed this hopeful refrain,  
 War postponed on account of rain.

John R. Bastian

**Sicilian Saga**

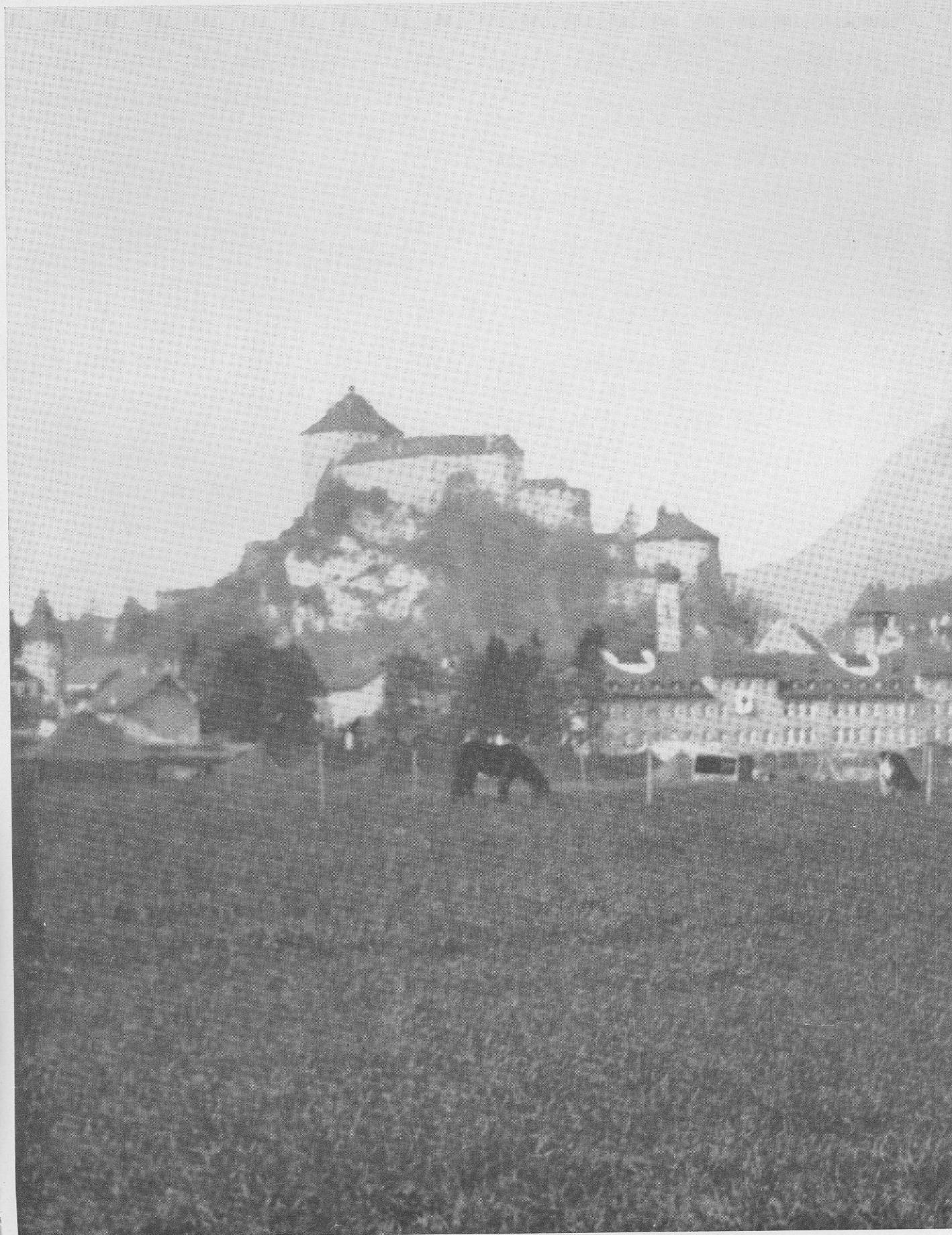
I thought I would never see  
 Another place like Sicily,  
 Where Mom and Pop and Junior, too  
 All smoke and drink and cuss and chew.  
 A land where grapes ain't picked to eat,  
 But squashed instead 'neath dirty feet.  
 A land where every bambino cries  
 For cigarettes and candy from GIs.  
 Where every town has narrow streets  
 And ox-carts try to crowd out jeeps.  
 Where every day a million flies,  
 Mosquitos, and gnats fill the skies.  
 Where roast beef and eggs are the only dish  
 'Cause their homemade spaghetti tastes like fish.  
 With Cognac and Vino the thing to drink  
 Sold at prices that make your paycheck shrink.  
 Where every other man has a brother in Brooklyn.  
 Claims he's a barber and ruins your chin.  
 But I found a place like Sicily  
 The minute I landed in Italy.

Raymond H. Allen





# ADDRESSES



Kufstein, Austria.

★  
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Wolff, James A. (Dr.)

We received many honors from the War Department, Armies, Corps and Divisions. One of our greatest honors was given to us indirectly when the invasion of Southern France was being planned. The three old divisions, the 3rd, 36th and 45th, were to spearhead the attack and asked specifically for the 11th to follow them in. But no honor ever gave us a more satisfying feeling than to have a patient live to go out the front door of our hospital to be evacuated to the rear.

The only feeling that came close to it was to have an infantry man pat you on the back and say, "Stick around Medic, we'll be needing you."

